

PS

663

.C7C6

Collegiate Institute
Orations



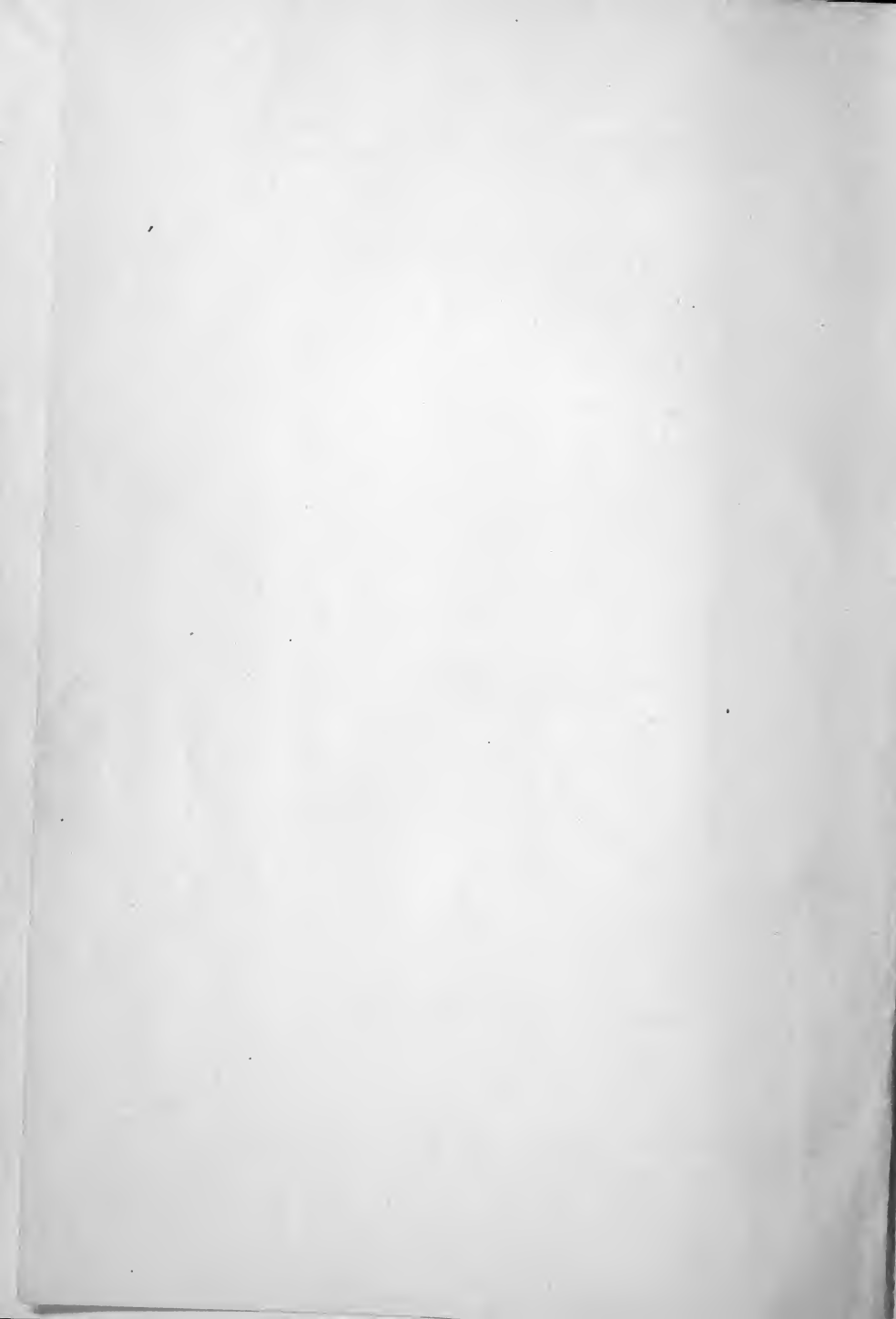
Class PS 663

Book . C7 C6

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT





COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE ORATIONS

DELIVERED BY STUDENTS

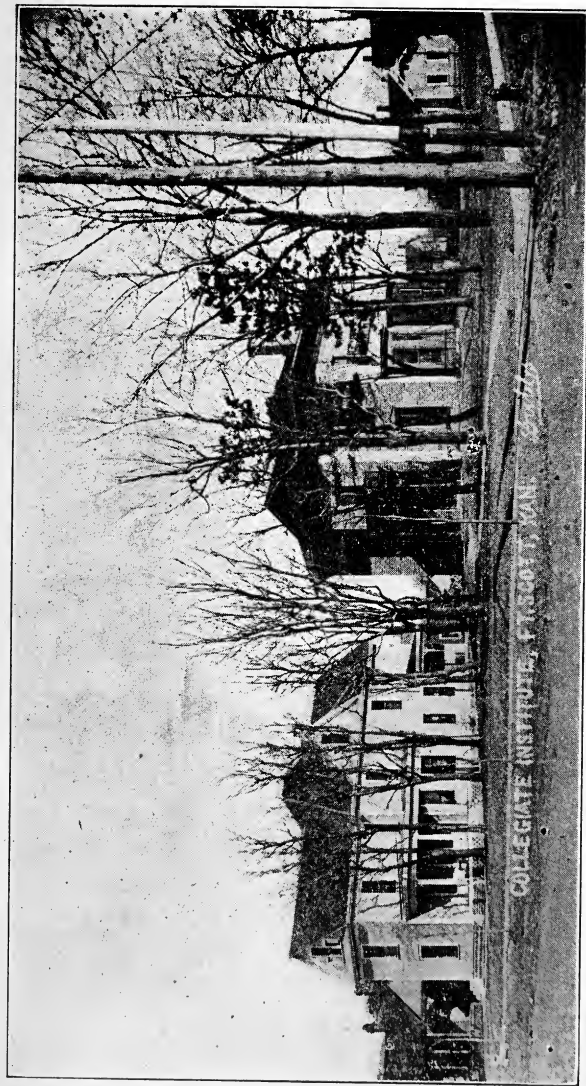
CONTAINING A FEW
ORIGINAL POEMS BY
REV. O. A. NEWLIN



FORT SCOTT, KANSAS

1907

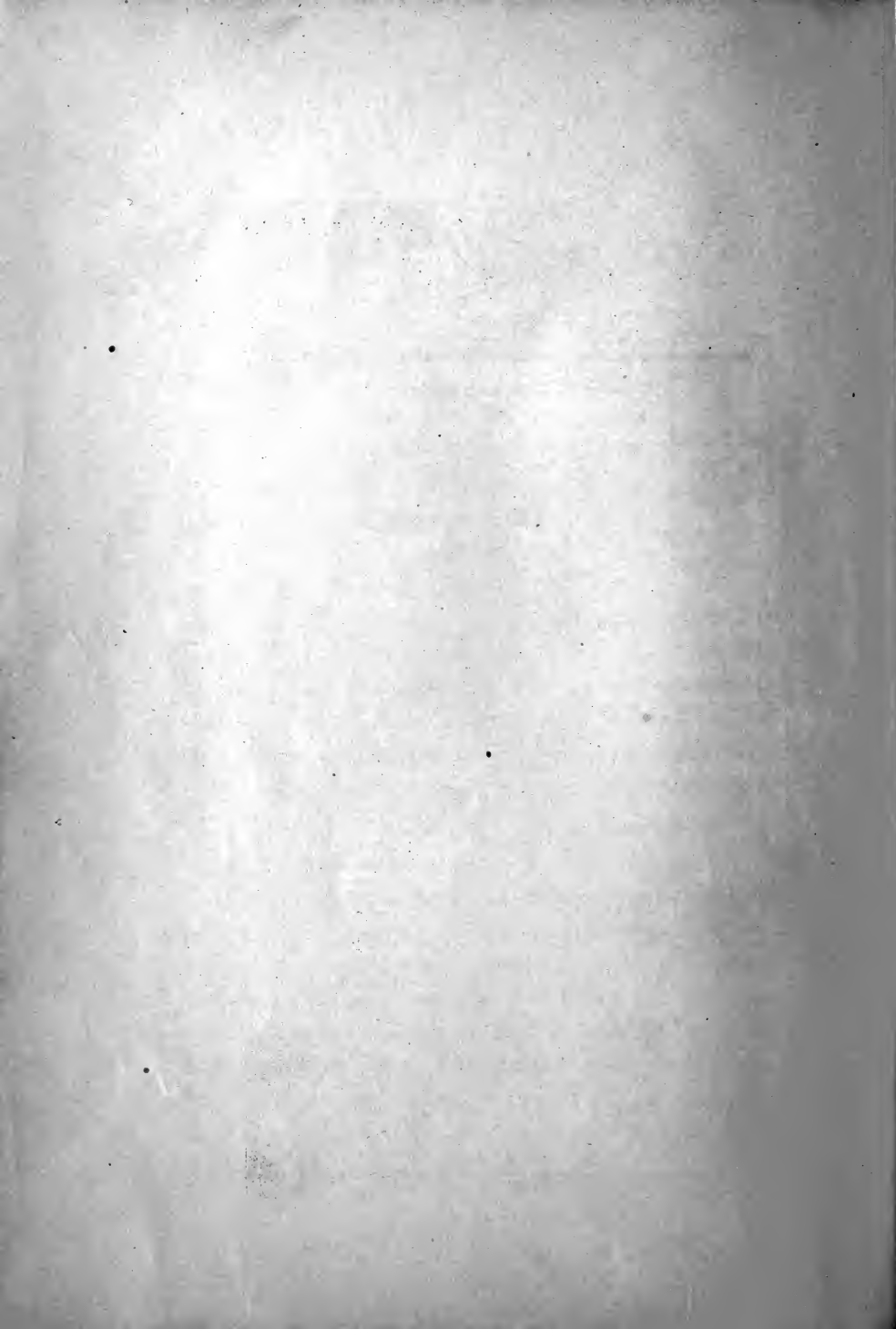
a.s.g. - Jan. 7 '05
D.H. Oct. 18 '29



Dormitory

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

College



Historical Sketch



THE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, an institution of the Church of God, was opened to the public October 21, 1902. Since then it has matriculated 224 students. The present buildings are the president's home and ladies' dormitory, and the original school building. The former is heated by a hot water heating plant, and the latter by natural gas. \$7,000.00 was spent last year in improvements, and new buildings with larger accommodations are now much needed. The buildings are surrounded by a beautiful campus, with massive trees; located on the crest of a hill overlooking the city, with electric car lines for convenient communication.

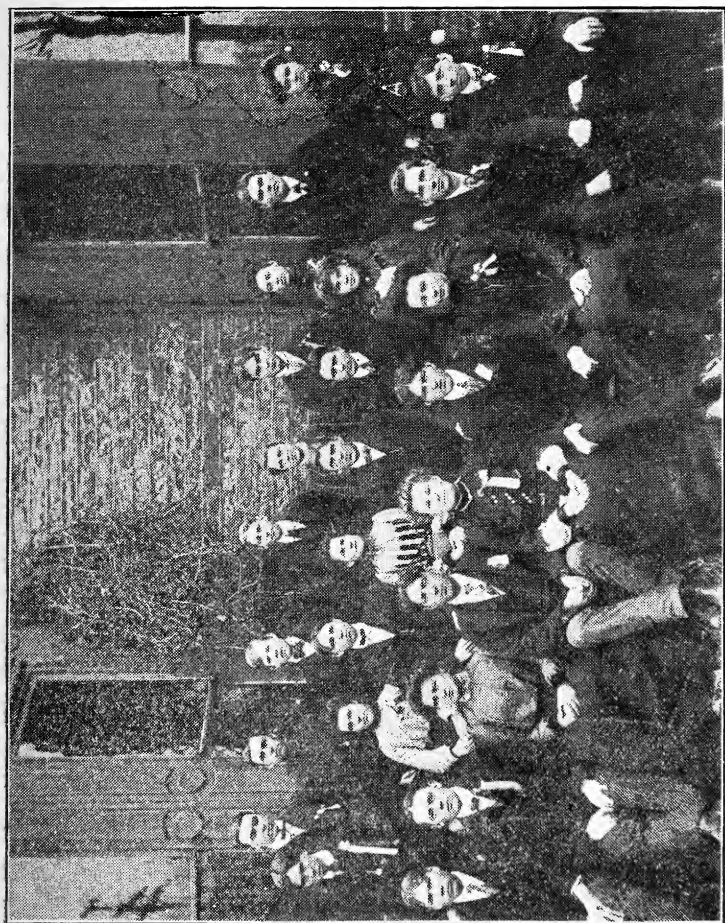
The influence of this school has been good from the beginning, and during the five years 57 of the students have been led to accept the Christian life, and the devotion of many has been greatly enriched. Twenty-six students have pursued studies preparatory to the Gospel ministry, and thirty-four have gone out from the institution to the public school as teachers. The graduates from the five departments of the school do credit to the merits of the institution, and are holding lucrative and responsible positions.

The student body has a distinct influence in the

best life of the city, and their weekly debates and annual oratorical contests are largely attended and much enjoyed. The practical features of this school commend it to the careful consideration of every young man or woman earnestly seeking a higher education. The close personal touch all students have with the faculty, now consisting of seven members, affords the best opportunity for rapid development. These features, with the extremely low cost and excellent advantages for self help, make it especially fitted to the wants of those of modest means.

The school is measurably dependent upon the free will offerings of its friends, and its continued growth and influence is a source of much encouragement to those who were instrumental in establishing it, and who have contributed to its needs.

All contributions or requests for information should be addressed in care of the president.



CHARTER CLASS—DECEMBER 1902



Table of Contents

	Page
Introduction	11

ORATIONS

A Life of Service.....	65
A Noble Work	17
Character	25
Courage of Merit	45
Education and Success	133
Greater than Wealth	85
Historical Sketch	5
Home	31
Ideal Incentives	117
Life is What We Make It	73
Our Nation's Pride	79
The Mission of Discontent	109
The Red Cross Society	51
True Grandeur of Nations	37
True Standard of Patriotism	57
The Value of Gold	123
Ties that Bind	95
Unwritten Heroism	101

POEMS

	Page
A Cure for the Blues	141
A Bad Case	167
In the Ozark Hills	171
In the Woods	159
Mr. Schmidt on "Tanglefoot"	160
Stumps in the Hay Shocks.....	154
The Bethlehem Child	168
The First New Boots	158
The Old Log Shed	150
The Old Milk-House	146
The Old Wood-Pile	163
The Water Lily	174
What Will We Do with the Kicker?	156
Yander Grass	144

ILLUSTRATIONS

Charter Class	7
College Building	3
Fifth Annual Contest	116
First Annual Contest	16
First Graduating Class	71
Fourth Annual Contest	78
Rev. O. A. Newlin	15
Second Annual Contest	23
Second Graduating Class	107
Third Annual Contest	43
Third Graduating Class.....	131

Introduction

God set man to housekeeping in the temple of thought. He has yet to learn fully the majesty and might of his tongue and pen. We have never yet adequately weighed the value of words, nor measured their power to transform the world about us.

In this volume we have a score of subjects, treated by almost as many authors, each writing in a style that is peculiarly his own. During the five years' history of the Collegiate Institute there has been thirty-four orations written by students for the annual oratorical contest of the Philomathian society, and for graduations.

To those whose orations appear in this volume belong the credit of its publication. For in addition to conceiving the idea of publishing the volume, they have mutually assumed a portion of the cost of its production.

It is my pleasure to be intimately acquainted with all those who have contributed an oration to this book. I knew them as they enrolled in the school to pursue their respective courses; I knew them as students, in class room, in examination and in recreation; I knew them in the "fiery furnace" from whence they came forth bearing their orations with them. I know them today, some as ministers, some as teachers, some in other positions; a few yet in school—but all are students. I believe all have been repaid for the labor and study bestowed upon their

orations—some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold. Only those who have written orations can appreciate the severe ordeal to which a student is subjected when he attempts to write his first oration in addition to his regular class work.

Two objects must have been in the minds of those who conceived the thought of this book.

First, that in addition to having in a permanent form their own production, they would have that of each of their fellow classmates, and could pass them to their friends.

Second, that they might acquaint their friends and the general public with the merits of the school in which as students they wrote their orations, and that at the same time the school might receive all profits, if there be any, from the sale of the books. So for these reasons, and from the fact that I regard these orations as being specially helpful in thought, and practical in their interpretations of the essentials in life, I bespeak for them a wide reading.

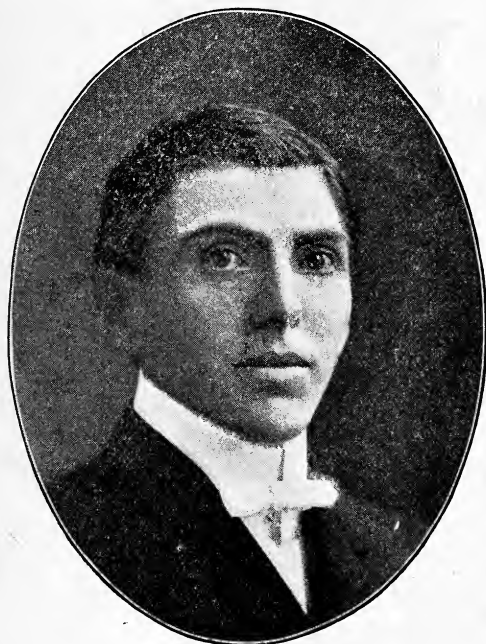
And to conclude I must speak a word to those whose articles follow. I cannot hope to meet you again in the class room; I may have failed to make the best of the opportunity when it was mine. I feel that you have set examples that those who come after you will find safe to follow, and difficult to excel. Knowing what I do of you as a class when you came to us, and seeing the marvelous improvement made in the short time intervening between your enrollment and the production of these orations it gives me reason to be pleased with the results of our school work together, and to justly expect much of you in the years to come.

If your friends speak highly of your work I most heartily join with them, and sincerely hope that your present oration, of which we may justly now be proud, will some day when compared with your late contributions to the literature of worth, most resemble your imperfect attempt when a small boy at school to follow the copy at the top of the page. To this end labor and the reward will follow.

O. A. NEWLIN.

Fort Scott, Kansas, Oct. 21.





REV. O. A. NEWLIN



W. E. Kelley

Jennie Sheets-Hamlin

A. D. McGuire

John Barnes

FIRST ANNUAL CONTEST—MAY 1903

A Noble Work

JENNIE SHEETS-HAMLIN

Man's achievements are unlimited. It requires a lifetime to discover one's possibilities. It may be asked of the youth as of ancient Nazareth, "Can any good come therefrom?" Since despised Nazareth abounded with possibilities, how much more can be expected of the promising youth, though he may dwell in the remote wilderness. Yet if he is a great thinker time will wear a beaten pathway to his door.

Who knows but that underneath the tattered coat of the street waif lies a noble youth, who will arise and by his persistent efforts transform a nation, and in the end leave a name that will shine forth on the pages of history as an emblem of the great work he has accomplished.

What a joy it is when one has discovered his special capability, and learns that he really has a work to perform, and has found that special sphere for which he is best fitted. How his imagination rises to that height where he conceives the idea in thought of his great work. Without a doubt the steam engine was pictured in Watt's imagination before it was invented, and was before his mind's eye everywhere he looked. The poet, in fact all writers, must let their imagination arise until the author possesses the real thought of production before it is penned. It is only with the most acute imagination that we are able to picture in words our thoughts in such a

manner that they will not only interest and impress the occasional reader, but that they will bring a nation to its feet.

Though there may be impediments to the progress of a noble work, yet it is to be remembered, First, By industry we thrive. Second. We are created for some special influence in life. Third, Find that work and complete it. As the cycle time moves on it records on the pages of history the lives of eminent men and women who have lived for an exalted purpose. Many times the women, who have entered the homes of poverty as guardian angels to the young, and slowly as has seemed the opportunity for these young lives to bud forth, they have molded an influence in their young minds that has made them benefactors of a human race. And many times men who have given their all for the purpose of National Reform, from which, if any man differs in his opinion, the reformer is presently censured as a disturber. It is to these lives we hasten to do honor and respect. The names of such shall never die. They will be the thought and theme of the wise man of tomorrow. God in His infinite wisdom has decreed that the benevolent soul shall never fade from the minds of his fellow men.

These living memories are in the hearts and on the lips of the busy public of today, and are shaping the lives of every child of promise. This unconscious influence is irresistible in its silent but mighty work. The men and women of past generations, whose lives were as brilliant as the blazing Meteor, have left behind them moulding forces, which have erected monuments for them more lasting than brass, more enduring than the Pyramids of Egypt, which neither the corroding rains of society nor the howling winds

of political corruption shall ever deface or destroy. A call for one of these benevolent souls was made, who could stir the minds of the people and awaken them. This same sky formed a canopy over many voices which had for two decades rung the tocsin that told of the approaching storm, yet few there were who thought this could be so near. At times its tones had resounded so powerfully through the land that the very foundation of a republic seemed to shake. From numerous editorials were found items which were read with little interest.

But now a warm, womanly soul, with a fertile mind, penned a few of the facts as they really existed, and thousands who had scarcely lent an ear to the constitutional deductions and different views as presented by the politicians, were by this picture moved to noble action. It is not exactly the course of human nature that great social reforms should take their rise from truth when presented in the form of a novel, rather than from a pulpit. Where the statesman, moralist and philanthropist have not cultivated the field by long and severe labor, the charmed pen of the novelist seldom performs such work. He only shakes from the tree the ripened fruit which these men have so arduously cultivated. The effect is produced only because public opinion throws itself with a great force in one direction. But a sudden conversation is beyond the power of the poet; he only gives that which has long been fermenting in the thoughts and minds of the people. Consequently that which remained misty and indistinct is now seen incorporated in personal events in such a manner that it becomes palpable to a child. To this we can only look with amazement, and wonder what will be the next great

misfortune to befall us or our nation, and who will point out its destructive influence.

We know that one book, even one picture may change the thought of many people. For every book we read, and every picture that impresses us, awakens that imagining power to a greater or less extent. Uncle Tom's Cabin, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, produced the overwhelming impression it did because its fiction was the entire truth. The South itself acknowledges this, perhaps now with great bitterness, but the time is fast coming when no malice will be held between the North and South of our nation. The popularity of this book cannot be determined, but it may be said that not only in the United States but also in Europe, the generation which has grown up not only know it by name but have read it as a book full of pathos and truthfulness, in which morality and truthfulness go hand in hand. Even a lesson may be learned from the simple-minded Suakers referred to. Because from being a bit of life it has become a history. /

And yet, a London critic has said, she was not a great woman. What is greatness? It does not consist of what we possess, or what we have already acquired, but, in a true sense, what we are and expect to be. It is the principle that lifts man from the valley of morbid idleness, and places him on the summit of the mount of utility.

This is true of other lives than those of Gladstone and Bismark. Those who have the power to go down even to the lowest gutter and raise up the fallen, so that at some future time the latent power that now lies hidden will have an opportunity to come forth;

aye, many a man has lifted up the fallen one and given him encouraging words, that have made a man of him. Yet this man may not be classed among the great, only because this word is too often misused.

In 1862 probably no one who knew Grant would have called him great, but he was at the foundation of a new work. He came to the battle's front by enlisting as a private soldier, little thinking of the great name he was to acquire. But with a fixed aim, and unswerving in his efforts to discharge his known duty, he pressed forward to the goal. His whole thought was for his work, and today his name shines forth in history as an example for the boy whose sole purpose is to live for the good he can do, to individual, state and nation.

The author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did something with her pen, not with a thought of her name being honored. Her whole thought was of that imagination of seeing the subjects of her book in real life, and of seeing their race educated, and help to lift our mighty republic to that height where it shall be above all nations. Where will we find conditions more vivid, situations more touching, more original, than in this author and her book? Yes, it is said she lived in an enchanted palace in which her imagination ran wild, nor, indeed, was the influence in her home less stimulating to the intellect.

We must say that Mrs. Stowe had a talent as humanity feels the need of talents. The talent of a great writer. Pure, penetrating and profound; with a sudden resolution for doing good, that comes from energy and a noble aim. A half century is not a great number of years in the life of a people. It is

in time an adequate test of the staying powers of a book. It is safe to say that Uncle Tom's Cabin has the fundamental qualities, the sure insight into human nature to the facts of its own time.

But this body of earth must to earth return; therefore the great lives must also wend their way slowly, and to some it appears sadly, to that eternal home. But still the name lives on, as did the name of this author. But ere she died the people appreciated her work, and said her life was not a failure—her work was a noble one.

That men may see the need of noble workers, and strive for an ambition to lift the fallen, preserve the good, and learn that the best work of the world is not all done, and can not be, by loiterers. But by those whose hands and hearts are full of duties.

For when a great work emerges from the shadow land, and asserts its practicability upon the sunlit hill-tops of triumphant victory, and its hour draweth near, then, bright and glorious among all who have dared and achieved, will stand in golden letters of light the names of the Noble, Brave and True!

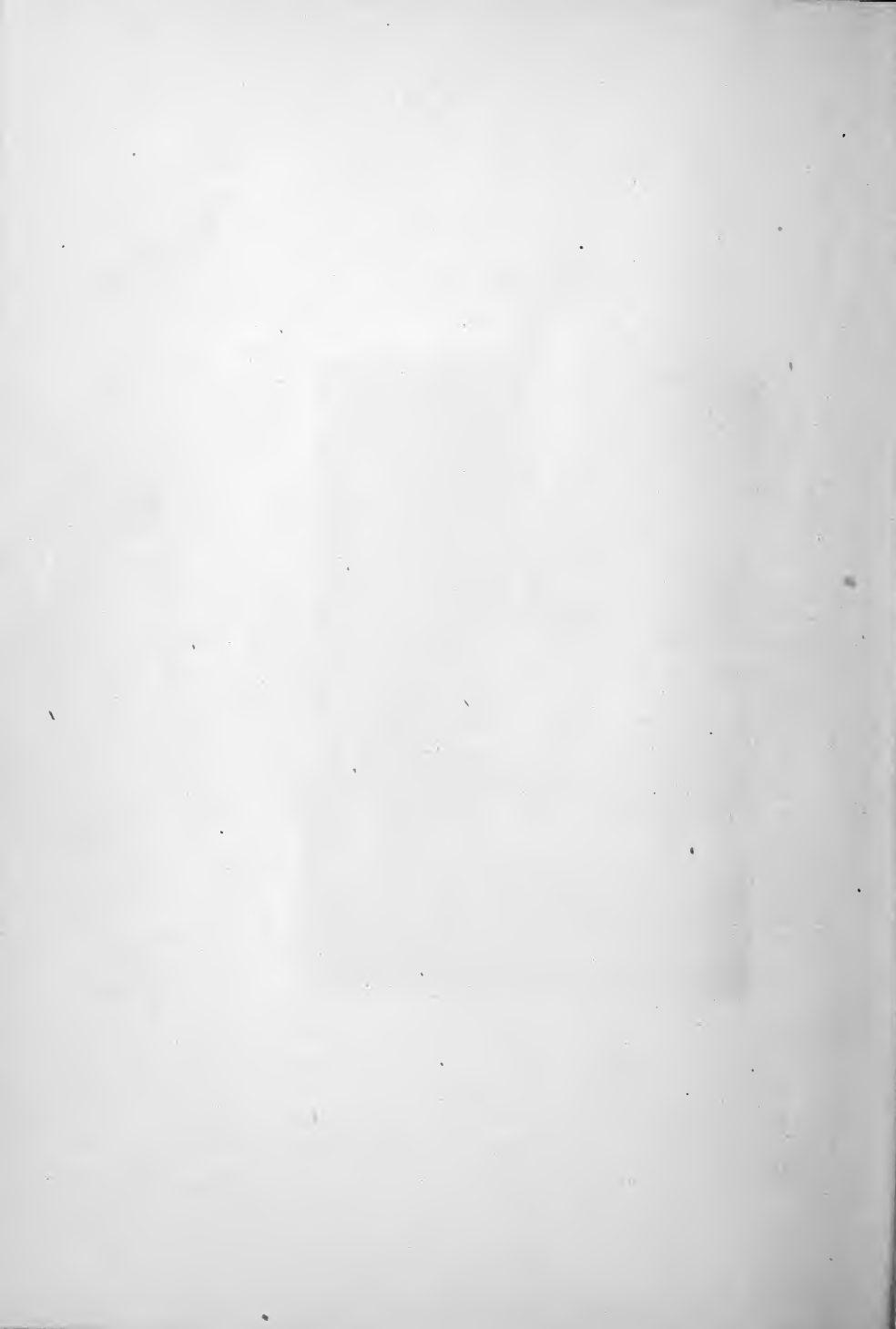


W. E. Kelly
John Gerekey

Mabel Conley
Reid McMechen

R. O. Evans
F. E. Hamlin

SECOND ANNUAL CONTEST—MAY 1904



Character

REID McMECHEN

Ever since Socrates gave to the world his favorite maxim, "Know thyself," humanity has to a certain extent occupied itself with the study of man. If one would discover the extent of his physical strength he goes forth as an athlete, develops his powers and pits himself against his fellow; that he may obtain a true conception of his intellectual ability, he educates his mind, and is examined by his instructor; and in order to determine the amount of his financial resources, he invoices his entire possessions at their intrinsic value. But even with these things learned, one has not obtained a complete self-knowledge, for no man ever fully knew himself unless he becomes able to form a correct estimate of his Character, for character, after all, is that which constitutes the real man.

It has been said that character is moral order seen through the medium of individual nature. In its noblest embodiments it exemplifies human nature in its highest form; for it exhibits man at his best.

Character is one of the greatest motive powers in the world. We do not inherit this power as those who inherit large fortunes, nor is it handed down from our parents; but we are obliged to put forth an effort in order to obtain it, and it can only be developed by arduously pressing forward toward high ideals.

The world is ruled by men of character. Therefore it is necessary, for the attaining of our highest development that we possess this power. When children are receiving their education, they are moulding for themselves characters which will determine the measure of their success in life; and we do not perform our duty unless we present correct models of them in our homes, public schools and colleges, for the laws of imitation are so great that a child is sure to partake of the nature of its surroundings. Entrust a child to the care of a slave, and in a few years you will have two slaves instead of one.

Home is a very important school of character. There, impressions are made on the mind which last throughout life, and cease only with death. The first joy, the first sorrow, the first success, and the first failure paint the foremost part of his life. The tiniest bits of opinion sown in the minds of children will naturally issue forth in after life; and they who hold the leading strings of children may exercise even a greater power than those to whom are committed the reins of government.

Not only is the home a place for forming character, but also in our public schools and colleges. Children naturally become attached to their teachers, and will be as readily influenced by them as by their parents in the home. If our public school system was such as would permit the teacher to devote more time to the individual pupil, thus developing his character, we would have far less crime, and fewer criminals to punish. A man once said, when about to ascend the scaffold, "If this government had spent as much money in trying to make a better man of me that it has in punishing me, I would not be here

today." Therefore, if we would have men of character, we must properly train the children. A lady once asked a clergyman when she should begin to correct her child, which was then three years of age. His reply was, "that if she had not begun already she had lost those three years."

Character is necessarily of slow growth, but for the greater part is formed during the first twenty-five years of life. When the monstrous engine is coupled to a train of cars, it does not start off at a bound, but slowly at first, with gradually increasing speed. One can build a rude hut in a very few days, but it takes months, and even years, to erect a stately mansion. A squash can be grown in from six to eight weeks, but it requires an hundred years for the acorn to develop into the giant oak which will stand firm in the midst of the frightful storms and tempests that may beat upon it.

Work is an important factor in character building. All that is accomplished by man is through work, for without it one can do nothing. It may be a burden and chastisement, yet it is an honor. When slavery was established, work was then thought of as dishonorable. There is nothing in our lives to be guarded against so much as indolence. Neither has it caused any good in the world, nor has it succeeded in overcoming a single difficulty that it could avoid. It is useless, a nuisance, and produces misery.

The prosperity of a country does not depend on the abundance of its revenues, or its magnificent buildings, but upon its men of honesty, men of excellence and men of stalwart character. A nation cannot be judged by its size any more than can an

individual. It may possess unlimited resources and be densely populated and yet not be great. The children of Israel were few in number, yet they wielded a power of influence in the world. Athens was less populous than New York, yet how great was it in fine arts, in literature and in patriotism? When Louis XIV asked Colbert how it was that, ruling such a great country as France, he was not able to conquer such a small country as Holland his reply was, "Sire, the greatness of a nation does not depend upon the extent of its territory, but upon the character of its people."

Men of character are to be honored, respected, and imitated. Without such men the world would grope in darkness. Man's life is so limited that every one has not the chance to become great. Not every one can climb to the topmost rung of the ladder of public opinion, but he can do his part justly, honestly, and to the best of his ability, thereby being enabled to occupy an honored place among men of character.

One can always best estimate a man's real character by the manner in which he conducts himself to those most nearly related to him, for although he may not have money or property yet he may be honest, true, and faithful in heart, and he who performs his duty to the best of his ability, thus fulfilling the purpose for which he was created, is building for himself a most noble character—some thing that is far more valuable than any of this world's goods. There are some people who have no other possessions yet they are as highly respected as the wealthiest of men. Whoever invests in it may not gain the riches of this world, nor position in society, but it will command for him an influence, and insure for him re-

spect whether he be in the work-shop, counting house or in the senate.

The men great in character today are not necessarily men of wealth or social standing, but are men who have been on an equality with the common class of people. Yet they put forth an effort in order to obtain this power by which they are known. It is men of character that we most need today. Destitute of this virtue, one is like a boat without a rudder, or a ship deprived of its pilot, left to drift where'er the wind may take it.

Character is formed by a variety of minute substances more or less under the control of the individual himself. Not a day passes without its discipline, whether for good or for evil. Every act, however small, every deed, however bad, has its influence in the train of consequences which tend to form a link in the completed chain of one's character. Every word, thought or deed has its influence upon the destiny of man. Every word, well or ill spoken, has an influence upon generations yet unborn. Human life in the aggregate is made up of little things. No hair is so small that it does not cast a shadow, and no particle is so insignificant that it does not occupy space.

Character is something that cannot be taken away from us. You may rob a man of his riches or his reputation, and you may even take his life, but you cannot deprive him of his character. There have been some men whose greatest achievements were not accomplished until after they were dead. Never, says Mitchlet, "was Ceasar more alive, more powerful or more terrible, than when his old, worn-out,

with cold body lay pierced with blows." Never did the great character of William of Orange exercise a greater power over his countrymen than after his assassination at Deft by the emissary of the Jesuits. On the very day of his death, Holland resolved, by the help of God, to maintain the good cause, and she kept her word.

Our nation, great as she is today in the vastness of her material resources, and her immense wealth; possessing a citizenship skilled alike in the arts of war and the vocations of peace, will nevertheless be unable to maintain her present high standing among the nations of the world unless she continues to rear up men and women of unswerving integrity and of upright character. Her plea is then for men—"God give us men! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;

*Men whom the lust of office does not kill,
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue, and damn
his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog in
public duty and in private thinking.*

Home

F. E. HAMLIN

Man is a creature of society. As a lofty mountain peak towering above the surrounding foot-hills, he stands in the realm of animate life. He organizes bands and societies, forms corporations, establishes institutions intended to promote his well being, builds up states and nations and is ever marching on to new achievements. Many institutions have been established throughout the land which have proven of great benefit and power to man. Not only have they been the means of lifting him up to the present height of civilization and culture, but also have kept before him the possibilities of higher attainments. Briefly scan the pages of history, and at no infrequent intervals you will find the shattered remains of some institutions of society, once proud and indispensable, but now forgotten and trodden under foot like autumn leaves, while men behold more modern things in their place.

Of the many social organizations, some are like the mushroom, or are similar in character to Jonah's gourd, which sprang up in a night and withered before the first adverse wind; but others there are, which, like the monstrous oak, have stood in defiance of the fiercest storms; and yet in an unexpected moment have been uprooted and brought low. But there is one, the grandest of all institutions, which has stood since the beginning of time; fashioned, as it were, by the Divine Hand and committed to man

with all the sacredness and purity of the surrounding Paradise. One which has possibilities far superior to any of which man has ever dreamed; that dearest of all places—Home.

While birds fly through the balmy air singing their songs of gladness, and at the close of day, when the shades are gathering seek shelter in their fabric nests, man, arduously engaged in labor throughout the day, when the sun has given place to the starry canopy over him, fatigued in labor and burdened with care, turns his footsteps toward the family hearth, the home circle; where await him quiet repose, confiding hearts and cheerful faces. These bring him the sweetest of all blessings, which are obtained only in the home. "Foxes have holes, lions have dens, birds have nests, dogs have kennels, but man alone has a permanent home." Animals may tent for a night and fowls of the air may enter into camp for a season, but man gladly repairs to that most sacred of places which he calls home. Home is where the weary world come and lay their burdens down assured of rest; where fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters gather round the hearthstone, shutting out a world of turmoil and shutting in a kingdom of quietude and peace, the only place on earth where the faults and failings which are so common to humanity are hidden from the eyes of men and forgotten; it is the grandest of all institutions, the blossom here of which heaven is the fruit; it is an ark floating with us down the tide of years, carrying within its portals the virtues which make the citizen, together with the inspiration that develops the saint, not merely forming a shelter from the storm of life, but also a workshop wherein can be molded the

grandest of characters, which shall go forth from its confines bearing upon themselves the indelible stamp of its ennobling influences.

The foundation of the home is laid in marriage, an institution established according to the plan of the Great Ruler of the Universe, and enjoined upon us by the first command He ever gave to man. It is the center, after all, around which cluster our fondest hopes and highest ambitions, there being no other source from which we can so freely draw in the effort to secure true and lasting happiness. But as our greatest blessings, when perverted, become the greatest sorrows, and as those things which were given for our happiness are when abused sources of great anguish, so this institution when maltreated or diverted becomes the bitterest cup mortals ever have tasted. Hence, it is indispensably necessary that the foundation of the home be laid according to the Great Architect's plan. At least three of the commandments that were given on Mt. Sinai were designed to regulate the home, which if it be conducted in harmony with the divine precepts will be a source of joy and happiness. It is therefore the solemn duty of every man and woman, when they arrive at the years of maturity, to carefully consider the matter of becoming a partner in the establishing of a home. That one who positively resolves never to become a partner in this noblest and holiest of institutions without having carefully considered what such a course means, has done an injustice to himself and the well-being of the human race. But he who plunges headlong into this irrevocable step is a menace to the government, and is best described when compared to a mountain stream in its swollen rush

dashing heedlessly down the mountain side over cataraacts and rocks, and through deep-cut canyons, rushing ever on until lost in the current of the sea.

Home is not simply a structure of stone the walls of which have been laid out by the master builder, even though finished with polished marble, its dwellers may be unable to sing with ecstasy that pathetic song, "Home, Sweet Home." If we would establish an ideal home, one that will stand amid the storms of life, we must dig down through the sands of our youthful conceptions to the solid rock of matured reason, and carefully place thereon the foundations of marriage, erecting with care the building of love; we can then look upon a structure that is a nation's true safeguard, a power to society, a blessing to man, the memory of which can never be erased from the minds of those who were once its happy occupants.

The home is the first and most important school known among men. Its molding and educating work begins in that institution, where the mother's lap is the recitation room; the mother is the teacher; and the mother's eye is the text-book. It is here that every child receives its best or its worst moral training. It is here that day after day some word or action is being stamped upon the plastic mind which will continue throughout manhood and cease only at the approach of death. There is an old adage, that "manners make the man," there is a second that "mind makes the man," and there is one truer than these that "home makes the man." It is mainly in the home that the heart is open, and the habits are being formed, either for good or for evil. If the influence of the home is uplifting and it sends forth into the world good moral characters, society will be

benefitted. We can form no conception of social life or society in any form which has not its origin in the home. It matters not how excellent the constitution or laws of a nation may be, or how inexhaustible its resources, or irresistible its powers, the foundation for all that is virtuous within it must be laid in the home. A nation is but a short name for the individuals which compose it, and when these become good fathers, good sons, good brothers and good husbands, they will become good citizens and the nation will be strong and prosperous. There are not a few who have been convinced that the relaxation of home government is more to be feared than domestic treason or foreign hostility. Therefore parents should be awakened to see and realize the solemn responsibilities that rest upon them as the ones who hold in their hands the throttle of a nation, for perhaps there never has been a time since the home was established when it was in more danger of being overthrown than at present, because of the theories abroad in the land that tend to demolish and destroy its possibilities and virtues. There is no other word in any language that embodies within it so many sad and stirring meanings, that calls into action and so powerfully arouses the the tender emotions, and so bring back memories, as home. Speak but the word and it sends the life-blood through the veins, arousing memories, bringing back childhood scenes, telling of joys and sorrows, and bringing us face to face with those things which were once our only bliss and our only charms. There is no other word that will ring so clearly in the ear of the prodigal, or cause him to turn so quickly from the path of sin. There is no mist of guilt so thick that it will

exclude the light of such remembrances or no tempest of passion so overwhelming as to sweep them entirely away. During the lull of the battle rage, and amid the scenes of dying comrades rushes the memory of **that** blissful spot. The very criminal in his cell often has such visitations, and dreams of youthful days, though they may have been spent in a rustic home, when he was once honest and knew no guilt.

When time has carried us on through the shifting changes, until we come to the evening of life, and we reach forth our feeble hands and stroke our silvered locks, no dimmer then than now will be the memories of our youthful days, when we first learned the sweetness and meaning of Home.

*'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.*

True Grandeur of Nations

R. O. EVANS

The business of statesmanship is to guide society forward in the path of progress—to steer the ship of state across the future's shadowy sea, steadily toward the port of her destination, the quiet harbor of the ideal. The ship of state sails toward the harbor of the ideal without opposition except when the turbulent waves of greed and gain, propelled by the violent winds of national immorality, appear. Now, if the old ship is not strong enough to overcome the resistance of the winds and waves, she must turn her course into the channel of public sentiment and change her ideal, or be carried by the winds, a helpless hulk, to be dashed upon the shoals of inactivity and idleness. Our nation, in harmony with all other civilized nations, has aimed her ship of state toward yon fair harbor where awaits the goddess of "idealism," ever ready to pour out her blessings on those that reach the specified goal. Furthermore, the nation whose ship of state is to be most safely guided toward its proper destination must have at the helm men of influence, who with a keen insight penetrate the veiled and mystic future, men of stalwart intellects who undauntedly grasp the rudder and plow through the adverse waves of barbarism and ignorance. The intellectual standard of the people determines very largely the position this nation shall occupy in history. Yet the true greatness of a nation does not consist in triumphs of intellect alone. It

may be great in literature, art, natural resources, or even in conquest, and yet lack the elements of true national grandeur. The true grandeur of a nation is to be found in the moral integrity of its citizens.

Some may say moral integrity is a feature of the nations of this age, because they are Christian nations. But this is not true. They are only "so-called" Christian nations. They may have reached the highest stage of art or invention, or they may be seated on the highest pinnacle of the temple of intellectual supremacy and ability, and yet lack that moral greatness which is a very important factor in the true grandeur of nations. The moral character of nations must be enlightened and held aloft by the upright lives of that nation's citizens. And in consequence thereof the nation and its citizens will reap universal happiness and the blessings that intellectual progress will inevitably bring to the cultivated and refined nations. The moral integrity of nations should be such that justice would be fairly imparted to all, and that each of man's virtues and everything that is godlike in man would be found occupying a conspicuous place in that nation. As has been said before, moral integrity is the stepping-stone to true grandeur, and it means the uplifting of the mind and soul to a position higher and more solemn than has, as yet, been attained by the average citizen of this or any other nation.

Not for the traditions of history nor by its corporate achievements, nor by the abstract excellencies of its constitution, but by its fitness to make men, beget and educate human character, to contribute to the complete humanity, the "perfect" man that is to be—by this alone each nation must be judged to—

day." Many of the nations of the past and present ages have spent their glory and brought an end to their prosperity through perilous and bloody wars. These, with their attendant disasters and cruel debaucheries, tend rather to the lowering than to the uplifting of the moral standard. Morality cannot thrive where there is continual strife and war, for war crushes all moral principles, all justice, and all that is uplifting and elevating in man. "It is the temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue and Godliness." The first step in the downfall of a nation is when she, as of old, beats her plow shares and pruning hooks into swords and spears, and throws her whole might into the pending war. Well might it be said that war has on its annals in bright letters that glow, many rehearsings of its generousities and self-sacrifices. But the virtues which seem to pour forth their charms over the debaucheries of war are to be found more abundantly elsewhere, for it hardens the heart of the nation and citizen alike, and a nation in this condition has not that true grandeur which is characteristic of those who have peace for their watchword. True grandeur can never be attained except through the instrumentality of peace.

The warlike nations may show some traits of virtue, generosity or self-sacrifice, but true grandeur is not to be found in them. This can be illustrated by the nations of antiquity. Some had long existence; many were strong; nearly all had strong centralized governments; all participated in long and treacherous wars. Yet none possessed that true grandeur which is predominant in the peaceful nations of this age.

Peace! What is peace? Peace surrounds, pro-

teets and fosters all the other blessings of humanity. Without it, commerce cannot exist; industry is limited if not totally restrained; happiness is gone forever; a home is no more to be thought of; virtue is completely destroyed, and the true grandeur of that nation and its individuals fades away into obscurity. With peace, affairs are reversed. Peace transforms the arid desert into fertile fields, waving with golden grain. It belts the globe with a steel rail and puts all nations in speaking distance and on speaking terms.

Now, how should we spend our peaceful days in order to get the desired return, to get value received, to get that which is most essential in the life of nations—*true grandeur*. We can point out many nations that have spent their allotted amount of peace in preparing for war. Such nations are almost as far from true national grandeur as the barbarian tribes of Africa are today. Let us spend our peaceful moments in accomplishing an end that tends to true grandeur in its stricter sense. Let us interest ourselves in intellectual and moral development, in higher ideas and ideals in enjoying the pleasures and privileges which are ours. Let us have peace, for true grandeur can never be an accomplishment of our nation without it. Let us seize the opportunity with alacrity and apply ourselves with untiring energy and zeal, and ardently press forward to accomplish that noble end. The time is at hand, the opportunity is ripe and the age demands it. "The mighty conquerors of the past, from their fiery sepulchers demand it; the blood of millions unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground demands it; the conscience even of the soldier whispers 'peace.'"

There are considerations rising before us, visible only in the light of modern civilization and environment, which fervently invite us to the noble cause.

"To this should bend the patriotic ardor of the land, the ambition of the statesman, the efforts of the scholar, the pervasive influence of the press, the mild persuasion of the sanctuary, the early teachings of the school. As those standing on the mountain top first recognize the coming beams of morning, so may we, from the vantage ground of liberal institutions, now discern the ascending sun of a new era ever inspiring us onward in the conquest of peace. Let the iron belt of martial music which encompasses the earth be exchanged for the golden cestus of peace, that will clothe all with celestial beauty and place upon our nation the meritorious crown of true grandeur. Let us lay a new stone in the grand temple of universal peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself." ,

If a nation has that noble quality called true grandeur, the selfsame quality must live and exist in that nation's individual citizens. Our government is a representative government. Our constitution was drawn up by the people, for their general welfare. Each and every individual on American territory constitutes a part of our nation. The principles which are essential in the true grandeur of nations must exist in the citizens. They must have that feeling which tends to put man and nation on a higher scale of moral and intellectual attainment; that tends to produce an intense thirst for an ideal nation.

Now, we may not burden ourselves with the task of reforming our nation or its citizens. But in behalf of the true national patriotism that does or should burn in the heart of every human being who stands under the protection of the stars and stripes, in behalf of the manifold and wondrous opportunity God is giving our nation, in behalf of her freedom, of her unrestrained religious life, of her passion for education and her eager search for truth, of her countless quiet homes where the future generations of her men are growing of her strange meetings of the races out of which a new race is slowly being born of her vast enterprises and her illimitable hopefulness—on all that the life of our country must mean for humanity, we may and should give fervently our assistance however small it may be, toward the raising of our national standard to the longed for goal that is the thought of every progressive nation of this age—*True Grandeur*.

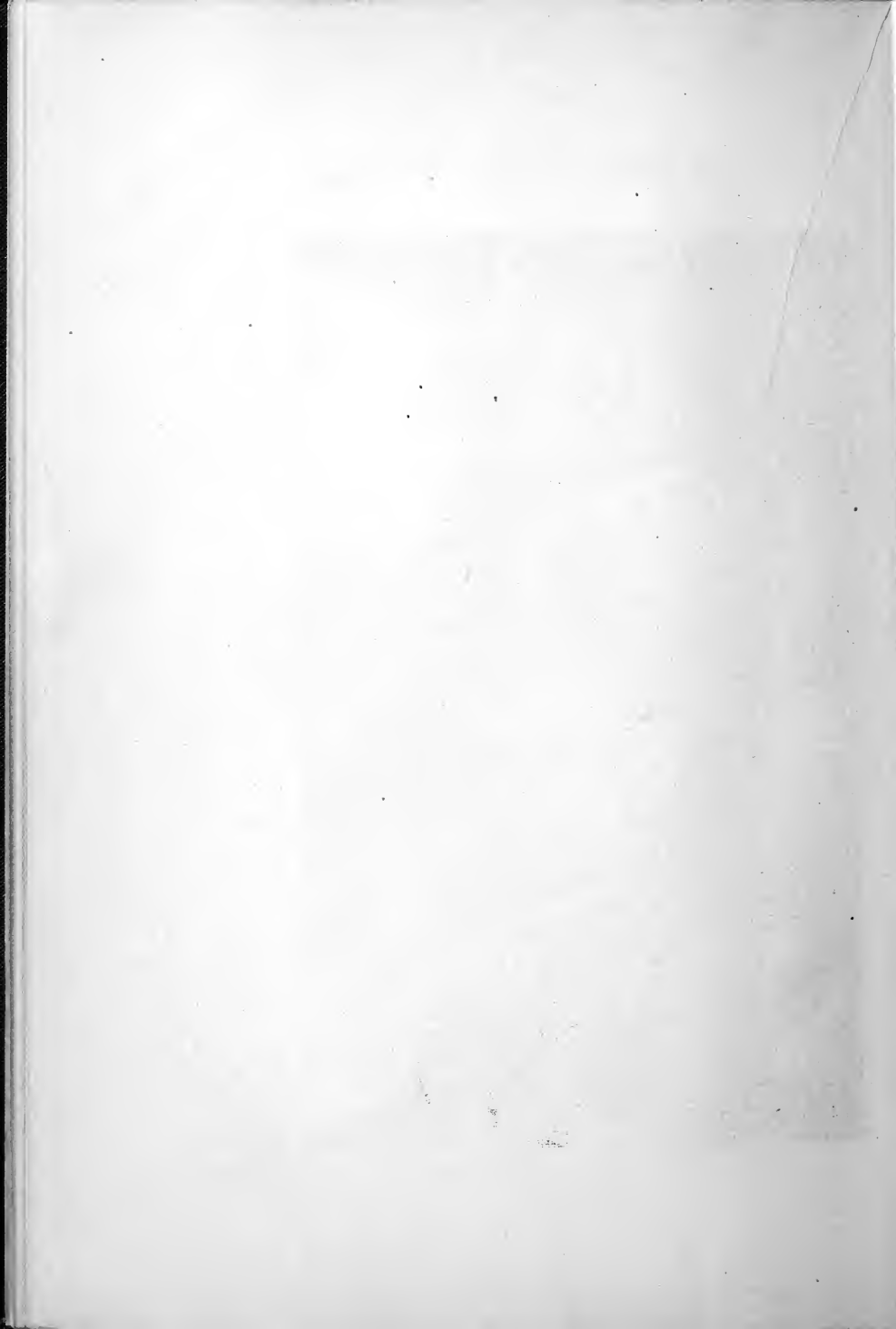


F. M. Newlin
May Hess-Primrose

F. E. Hamlin
R. M. Chase

S. M. Stallard
Ethyl Gillilan

THIRD ANNUAL CONTEST—MAY 1905



Courage of Merit

R. M. CHASE

As we read of the rise and fall of nations, of the building of empires, of their destruction, of the achievements of great armies, or of individual men, of the almost unsurmountable obstacles and difficulties that have been overcome, or as we see them enacted in the great panorama of the world's events of today, well may we wonder and ask what is the power that prompts and enables men to accomplish these great achievements? Is it patriotism? No, it was not patriotism that enabled Martin Luther, an humble monk, scarcely known beyond the horizon of his own eyes, to brave the rage and fury of Rome and start a reformation that at last broke the power Protestant nations of today.

Is it revenge? No it was not revenge that prompted Livingston to devote his life and talent to the advancement of civilization in the heart of Africa. Is it love of wealth? No, it was not the love of wealth that gave strength to John Maynard, as he stood amid the flames and steered the burning steamer to the shore, and saved the lives of helpless women and children, though he perished himself.

No, none of these things alone enable anyone to accomplish great deeds of lasting benefit to the world. They must be combined with courage, that quality of our minds which enables us to encounter difficulties and danger without fear or depression of spirit.

Then, if courage is of such vital importance, how may we obtain from it the greatest benefit? What type of it is of the most value to the world? Physical courage is concerned largely with deeds of valor, the intrepid act of material heroes from those of Leonidas and his little band of faithful followers down to the desperate bravery of the Japanese and Russians in the recent war.

But not among the annals of war alone must we look for courage, for we can find courage of as great merit, if indeed not greater, displayed in the lives of civilians. Take the example of Nathan Edwards, holding up with his own shoulders a burning stairway that he may save the lives of others through the sacrifice of his own. Or of John Cope, the locomotive engineer, standing firm at his post while being hurled toward a certain and horrible death, that he may save the lives of those entrusted to his care. Or of Kate Shelby, a girl of only eighteen, creeping out on the broken and slippery fragments of a railway trestle, with the angry, swirling waters of a swollen stream beneath her in the darkness, in order to reach the station on the opposite side and save from certain death the passengers of the fast express.

These are acts of courage that are of a higher, nobler type than that which prompts men to slay each other. The true aim of courage should be to save life and not destroy it; to benefit our fellow men; to enable mankind to attain a higher and nobler standard of life.

This is the type of courage shown by Governor Folk, of Missouri, who has said in substance, "Come what may, as long as I represent the law and have

the power to enforce it, it shall be enforced, and this degrading corruption shall cease," and who is now using every means at his command to elevate the moral standard of the political life of both the state and nation.

Any one who knows this type of courage is more deserving of the world's praise and commendation than any Cortez or Napoleon, however great their conquests and courage may have been.

The bravest of the brave is he who willingly says no to honor and glory and to wealth and fame, who sacrifices his own interests in every cause where sacrifice will be of benefit to the human race, who refuses all honor and preferment or any advantage to himself that he deems detrimental to the world.

Courage like this was shown by LaFayette, as he left his home, friends and native land, not because he loved war and strife, but because he was filled with the desire to help and elevate mankind, and he saw that much could be accomplished toward this end by giving his whole soul, as it were, to the American cause of liberty. Heroism like this makes the world better.

But compare LaFayette with his contemporary, the great Napoleon, who conquered nation after nation, and humbled ruler after ruler for the gratification of his own desire, for fame and honor. Think of the difference of the effect of their lives upon the lives of others. Lafayette helped to make it possible for men to develop all of their attributes in a land of freedom. And in his own land, chose for years a dungeon cell rather than be a traitor to right and justice, though by so doing he might have had not

only freedom, but almost unlimited wealth and power.

Napoleon, on the other hand, tried to crush all the nobler instincts of men, to make them fiends incarnate, thirsting for material prestige and power, and the lives of their fellow men. The name of the one lives with the well being of mankind, the other with the achievements of selfish ambition.

The courage that accomplishes the most in building of nations, and is of greatest service to the human race, is that which prompts and enables a man to do whatever his conscience and judgment tells him is right and just, no difference what the cost may be, even though it is the friendship and esteem of those he holds dear. Such courage as this is truly meritorious, and however great a man's physical courage may be, if he lacks this, the chances are that his life, instead of helping to elevate the moral standard of the world, its influence will be in the opposite direction, and will be a curse instead of a blessing to mankind.

Moral courage, not physical, is what has made the mighty strength of our nation. It gave resolution and purpose to that little group of men, who, one hundred and twenty-nine years ago, signed that most glorious document of our land, the Declaration of Independence, and few acts of greater merit have been recorded in our nation's history than this.

They risked their lives and everything they held dear for the sake of liberty and justice. They did so because they knew that if they were successful their action would enable men to enter a broader field of possibilities, and to accomplish greater achievements than they ever could under the iron rule of England.

It is moral courage that has enabled men to make just and equitable laws to protect the weak and raise higher and higher the standard of morality in our land. It has enabled men to live upright lives whether they have been common citizens or officers of public trust. Physical courage is indeed of great use to the world, but in order for it to be of the greatest service its possessor must have moral courage to do what is right.

It is true moral courage that is of the greatest merit and value to the world, as it strives not for selfish advancement, but endeavors to benefit and serve the whole human race. Our lives should be of the greatest possible benefit to our fellow men. Remembering we have had handed down to us a priceless heritage, in this state of freedom and civilization which has been won for us by the life-blood and devotion of some of the noblest men that have ever lived, and that it is our duty to protect and improve the advantages which we enjoy in order that we may be able to bequeath to succeeding generations that which has been given to us with such liberality.

How to do this is a question of great importance to us. Can we do it by standing idle and letting others direct the government of our homes and state? No, never! We must endeavor to fill the great need of our country today for honest and brave men who are not afraid to sacrifice self, if need be, and stand firm for right and justice, who have courage to oppose baseness and corruptness in whatever form it may be found. It takes courage to do this, courage that is of merit, indeed, for it is the very foundation

of our domestic and national life, and vice and villainy are insidious and cruel but vigilant foes, and no weapon is too base, no method too dishonorable for their use. And this lack of honor and appreciation of the sacrifices that are made in a righteous cause is even more destructive of higher effort than conflict with tyranny and crime.

Then, if we lack the talent or opportunity to perform great deeds ourselves, we should at least have courage to be free in our praise of those whose actions in the world's arena are commendable. And remember, too, that this world is made of little things and that each act of our lives has its influence upon the whole world, that oftentimes we can be as truly brave in the trivial affairs of life as in the most gigantic.

Then keeping in mind the fact that the courage of the greatest merit is that which prompts us to be honest, upright and true, ever striving to make the world better by our effort and the example of our own lives. Let us be truly brave and courageous, knowing that though we ourselves may pass into oblivion, our work will endure through countless ages.

The Red Cross Society

MAY HESS-PRIMROSE

Man is dependent on man. We are placed in the world to help others. Our lives will be measured neither by the greatness of our possessions, nor by the position we hold, but by what we do for others. "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." He who is richest is he who enriches mankind the most. The Dead Sea receives but does not give out, therefore its waters become dead and stagnant; so the lives that do not enrich those around them become morbid and useless. Obligation stands as firm and as widespread as moral existence. We are under obligations to our fellow men. Where there is no obligation there is no goodness. For a proof of man's dependence we need but to look at our cities. See the poor begging alms. See the rich; they cannot live with their money alone, they must have someone to prepare their food, care for their homes and work in their offices and factories. The sick must have care, the hungry must be fed, the naked must be clothed, the orphans must have homes. Since the fall of man we have been our brother's keeper. No man has attained to success without the help and encouragement of others. No name has been placed on the roll of great men excepting those whose lives have been a benefit to others.

See the helplessness of the babe in its mother's arms! Yet when we consider the dependence of the

matured man, his need of the ministering hand has been but slightly diminished.

Through the darkness of the mediaeval ages, charity sinks almost into obscurity. But when light dawned men's eyes were opened to the needs of humanity. Today we have the churches, schools, homes, asylums and the many orders and societies for the care of the suffering and the uplifting of mankind. There is no battle to be fought but God has someone to fight it; there is no place to be filled but God has some one to fill it. And it was Henri Dunant of Switzerland, whose life had been spent in ministering to the suffering, who, touched by the bloody sights of the battlefield, founded the greatest work of the nineteenth century, the Red Cross movement.

Receiving encouragement from rulers and doctors, Henri Dunant called a convention at Geneva in 1859. So great was the need and so wise the plan which he gave to the people that many of the European nations at once organized Red Cross Societies, in harmony with the treaty made at the convention whereby they might care for their sick and wounded in war.

Through the earnest and untiring efforts of Clara Barton, the United States joined the Geneva convention, and in 1881 organized its first Red Cross Society.

The treaty provides that the emblem of the Society be a red Greek cross on a white background. It is seen on the hospital flag of every nation, on the arm of every nurse, on the side of every ambulance. Its banner follows the army to battle, and stands though the nations flag goes down. It is a safeguard

to those who wear it, and wherever it is seen brings thoughts of love and peace.

We start in amazement when we look over history's pages and see the accounts of the numberless hosts that have fallen in battle. What is war that we should desire it? It is not a necessary mark of civilization, but rather a mark of savagery which even christian civilization has not been able to eradicate. Look at the battle! See brother fighting against brother! He who stood a picture of strength and manhood is suddenly hurled into an abyss; to fall, roll, crush and be crushed; to stifle, yell and writhe. Look at the battlefield after the conflict is over; see men and horses in tangled heaps; see human blood running in streams or standing in pools; hear the agonizing groans testifying to the work of the sword. See the young and promising lives that are suddenly blighted; think of the heart-broken mothers, wives and children.

Words can hardly picture the horrors of Andersonville prison, an open enclosure of fifteen acres into which were crowded thousands of the best of our land like thieves in a den. Once inside the iron gates the sight of those who had been for some time inmates, their bodies but mere skeletons, covered but with rags, filth and vermin, the ground for their bed, the heavens for a covering and the dead for companions, exposed to the intense heat of the summer and the severe cold of winter, with but a small amount of coarse corn meal and condemned pork once a day as rations, gave the newcomers but little hope of escape.

The Monroe doctrine, the treaty of the nations, the Hague tribunal, all have tried to extirpate war

and bring about universal peace; but for all, these nations are still rising against nations.

[Though we may today "beat our swords into plow shares and our spears into pruning hooks," some opposing hand will rise up against us, and on the morrow we again convert them into swords and spears and teach our brave the art of war. We have yet to hope for the time to which Longfellow looked forward, when "The warrior's name would be a name abhorred; and every nation that should lift its hand against a brother, on its forehead would wear forevermore the curse of Cain." We have yet to hear the voice of Christ proclaiming Peace.

These sights of the past make us shudder and grow sick at heart; but how different the battlefield since the Red Cross workers have joined the army. Instead of the prowlers on the battlefield at night robbing the dead and wounded, we see the Red Cross workers binding up the wounds and taking the victims of the sword to the hospitals, where patient, loving hands administer to their wants.

We do not see the prisons as they were in the days of our civil war, for today it would be thought an act of savagery to treat the prisoners even of the most hostile enemy as they were treated then.

[The Red Cross Society provides alike for friend and foe. It comes to the suffering soldier in the person of the good Samaritan, not only paying for their care, but caring for them.

Great were the services of the French and German Red Cross workers in the Franco-Prussian war. See the courage of the American and Japanese nurses in the bloody war of the boxers. See the Red Cross

and its workers as they labor in the heat of a tropical sun on the battlefields of South Africa and the Philippine isles. See Clara Barton and her nurses in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, working among strangers and enemies, not to care for our soldiers alone, but for those of the enemy, and remaining after peace was declared to care for the sick and starving. Thousands of dollars and car loads of food and clothing were sent by the Red Cross Societies and their friends to the soldiers and needy.

The foreign societies confine their work to war alone, but our workers are ready to assist in any calamity where their help is needed. They have cooled the fevered brow of pestilence, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, rescued the drowning and built homes for the victims of flood-swept shores and fire-smitten districts.

Japan has, all things considered, the finest organization of its kind in the world. Its eight hundred thousand members show the interest taken in the work there. Members of the royal family are among those at the head of the society. Today, while we hear Russia's hostile cannons engaged in battle with the Japanese, we see the noble work of this society. Some of them on the battlefield, gathering up the wounded, while others are in the clean, well furnished hospitals caring for the sick. After a recent battle between the two nations a wounded Russian was found by a Japanese Red Cross worker. Although the men were enemies, the Japanese leaned over him, bandaged his wounds and carried him on his back to a hospital. It is natural for us to be kind to a friend, but see what the Red Cross did for the enemy.

Great praise has been given to the heroes of war,

but greater praise is due the leaders of the Red Cross movement.

This noble work which has been established but a half century now encircles the globe. Its members are bound together by the strong tie of love. Nowhere is their help needed but they are willing to render immediate assistance.

Today, when our strong and valiant men make ready for war, our fair maids and mothers prepare to go with them to care for the sick and wounded.

Woman has at last found a place where she can show her patriotism. Men have fought the great battles and won the great victories in the past, while the mothers, wives and sisters remained at home to live out the long days of war in heartaches and anxiety.

Men have fought and dipped their swords in their brother's blood and received the name of hero, but to women, with their silent weapon of love, is left that great victory to be won which shall bring peace and universal brotherhood.

True Standard of Patriotism

S. M. STALLARD

Patriotism!

It is a word with which we are all familiar, a name around which cluster the dearest traditions of our childhood.

It is the the theme of story and song—the true patriot we love and admire. To be a true patriot is a high and noble ambition.

Familiar as the word may be to us all, common place as it may seem, it is lisped by the little children around the fireside, and hailed with delight by the frolicsome schoolboy.

We all know that the picture of our hero which rests on the mantel shelf and looks down upon us with stern though kindly eyes, was a noble patriot, bold and true, and many of us boast that our relatives and ancestors fought in the patriot army, suffered and fell and shed their heart's blood for their country's fame and honor, and we are proud.

Yet if you were asked what is a patriot, and why is he loved and revered by his fellow countrymen, and what are his peculiar traits of character which make him stand boldly out before all men as a model, as an example, could you answer? Can you give a clear and definite rule by which one might measure man-kind and prove who is the patriot and who is not? (Have you a fixed rule, have you a standard of excel-

lence to which you are working? Do you seek that high plane of noble manhood and honor upon which our patriots stand? No doubt you do, yet I venture to assert that it is a subject to which you have given little serious thought.

Webster says a patriot is one who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interests.

Let us examine that definition and see just what it means. What is our country and what or who is its authority, and what are its interests?

To be a Russian patriot is to cheerfully pay heavy taxes to build stately palaces and to prepare grand banquets, though his family live in earth-walled hovels and go half fed, or if he is a soldier it is to shoot his brother or gray-haired father if they dare to object to their condition, or to stand, fight and die and ask no questions.

Is such as that patriotism? Would Patrick Henry have supported the authority of such a ruler? Would General Francis Marion or the indomitable Putnam have served such a government? Would the soldiers of Washington's army have suffered for such a cause? No! They would have raised up against it in their might, they would have destroyed it root and branch, they would have left of it not one stone upon the other. Yet they were true patriots.

I would ask again, what is the government which the patriot must love, and what is the authority and interests which he must zealously support?

Let us examine the lives of two of the greatest men of any and all ages—Washington and Lincoln—

shining stars on the pages of history, examples of true greatness for all time.

Washington first of all was a truthful and honest man, a law-abiding citizen with a heart full of sympathy for his fellow countrymen.

His first military service was in the French and Indian war, of which he is said to have fired the first shot. In that war he fought shoulder to shoulder with the British red coat, fearlessly risking his life in the service of the British king. Commanding the Continental troops he marched under the command of General Braddock to that proud general's defeat, and rallying round himself his gallant command saved a remnant of the defeated army.

At the close of the war he returned to his home and followed the pursuits of peace until the year of 1775, when we find him near Boston with the Continental troops, of which he was commander in chief.

Washington was an officer in the service of the King of England.

Then who is the enemy that he and his soldiers are there to repel?

Is it the French that have invaded the land and that are encamped on the Boston commons?

No! It is the British flag upon which he fires, it is the English banner he would trail in the dust; it is the British troops that his Continental soldiers are shooting. He is now engaged in open rebellion to the legal authority of the country, the same sovereign he so faithfully served only twelve years before, the authority that had been recognized by his countrymen and their forefathers for almost two

hundred years. He and his soldiers are seeking to drive out, to capture or to kill the same soldiery with whom they had previously fought shoulder to shoulder.

How came about all this change? Why are they not traitors?

Let us leave the question unanswered for the present, and consider the circumstances and surroundings of Lincoln and his great life work.

We find him at the head of a nation torn with dissension. Class is arrayed against class, and section at war with section.

At his command great armies were raised, husbands, brothers and fathers were called from their homes and sent to compel a hostile people to accept the authority and obey a government that they did not wish to respect, to which they did not wish to belong. while another race of people sought to be free from the authority by which they had previously been controlled.

What can we learn from these seemingly contradictory circumstances?

Washington, at first an officer in the king's service, an ally of the British soldiery, the enemy of the French; then in rebellion against his king, fighting the British soldiery in an alliance with the French.

If Washington the patriot was right in leading a rebellion against King George the Third, why was Davis and his rebellion wrong?

If Lincoln was right in crushing Davis and his rebellion, why was King George wrong?

What then is the authority and whose the interests that the patriot is to zealously support?

King George's government of the American colonies was one of injustice and oppression, and had no right to the support of Washington and his brave followers who were fighting for human rights and liberties.

Lincoln and his government stood for justice and liberty, and Davis had no right to lead the South in rebellion against it. Then, the happiness of mankind, human rights and human liberties stands above legal statutes and established governments.

The true patriot is the man who fearlessly stands for human rights and liberties, the man who sacrifices his personal interests for the benefit of his fellow countrymen.

The traitor is the opposite, the one who sacrifices the interests of his fellow countrymen for personal gain.

The traitor! How greatly to be despised. There is no name in all the world so vile; his hands are stained with the blood of his countrymen, of his friends, neighbors and kinsmen.

Having erected our standard, let us apply the test. Our examples of patriotism were heroes of war. Can a man be a patriot in the time of peace? Have we traitors walking our streets today?

Since the patriot is one who sacrifices personal interests for the good of his fellow countrymen, let us measure ourselves by that standard. What are the interests of our fellow countrymen that we should respect and zealously support? The question as we now have it is an extremely practical one. Are we by

our everyday lives tending to advance the moral, political and financial welfare of our nation?

As has oftentimes been said, the greatness of a nation does not depend on the number of its population or upon its wealth, but upon the character of its citizens. To prove this it is only necessary to take the Russo-Japanese war. Russia is far superior to Japan in both wealth and population, but moral and political corruption and tyrannical oppression have become so great that the nation is absolutely unfitted to meet the strain of defending itself against a patriotic people and a popular government.

To elevate the standard of a nation is to elevate the standard of its citizens, while to degrade the moral standard of its citizens is to degrade the nation.

There is an old adage that is true if ever an adage were true, and that "A stitch in time saves nine."

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

The amputation of a finger at the proper time may save the body from bloodpoisoning. A little later the hand must go. If further neglected you lose the arm, but if still neglected death will be the inevitable result.

Small abuses in the nation may go unnoticed, but they will soon grow more grave. If still let go unpunished they will become an open menace to good government, and the nation will in time become so corrupt that revolution or total destruction will be the only remedy.

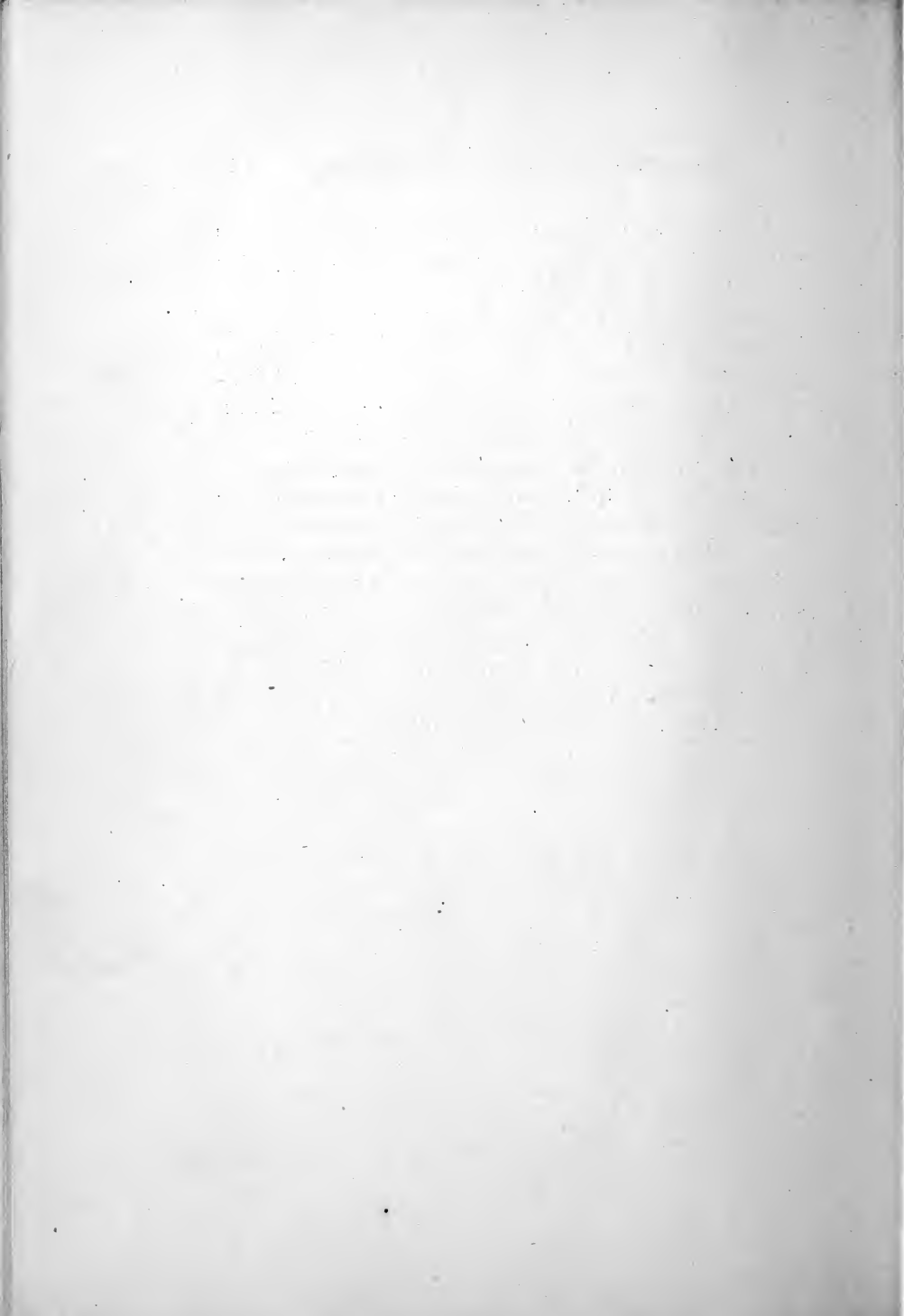
Moral degeneracy, political corruption, and the oppression of the laboring classes are the great evils existing in our nation today.

The man who fails to use his power and influence against these gigantic evils loses a golden opportunity to serve his country.

The man who for personal gain, either direct or indirect, helps or encourages vice, political corruption, or the oppression of the populace, thereby lowering the standard of the nation, places himself in a class with Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr.

While the man who sacrifices personal interests, time and energy to the protection or the upbuilding of the moral standard of the nation, is among the worthy followers of the Father of his Country.

Therefore, if we seek to reach the highest standard of patriotism. if we would be a patriot in the most comprehensive meaning of the word we cannot encourage or even tolerate immorality, political trickery or disregard for the rights of even the humblest citizen, either by ourselves or by others.



A Life of Service

F. E. HAMLIN

Life is not mere dreaming. It is not a stagnant pool in which our possibilities must lie, scummed over with idleness. It is not simply drifting with the tide. Life is real. It is struggling against the tide. It is a battle in which all must be engaged, and one in which every individual may be useful. It was the purpose of the Creator that man should be of use to the world. Endowed with high faculties, and surrounded with large opportunities, he has been given a task to perform. As every plant in the field of nature has been appointed a place in which to grow, so every individual has been given a sphere in which to labor. Great achievements have been wrought by the hand of man. Yet where have they been of benefit to the world?

Those that have affected the world for good, and have kept the wheels of progress rolling, have been men who spent their energies in a life of service; thus fulfilling the mission for which they were created. A life of service elevates man to a higher plane of usefulness, giving greater freedom, beautifying and enriching life.

It is not necessary that the future be unveiled in order that we may see a field in which to labor. A great field of service lies spread out before us in which each individual may act, offering exceptional opportunities and inducements for the investment of our talents whether they be few or many. No mind

is able to comprehend the extent of the field of true service.

From this field comes the call for laborers. Well may it be said, "The harvest is great, and the laborers are few." The call is for men. Men with high motives. Men who are willing to sacrifice pleasures for the betterment of their fellow beings.

Men who will volunteer in the great cause. Look at the lives of those who have wielded power in the world, and you will see men who have heard the call, and who voluntarily enlisted under the banner of true service. And though their bodies have gone to mix with the elements of mother earth, yet their lives lie on.

Service is man's highest duty. He was created for a purpose, making his life full of duties and responsibilities. He is not only in duty bound to promote his own welfare and happiness, but to brighten the hearts and homes of others, by devoting to them his every true life, that "no man should live to himself, or for his own selfish good." }

To render service to his fellow men, one is only paying the first duty he owes to himself. This service may be measured by the degree of one's natural abilities. If you have a gift for music give it with gladness, for some sweet strain may fall upon the ear of a struggling soul about to give up in despair before life's trials, and brighten his spirit and revive his hopes, causing him to take new courage. It may be measured by the amount of one's acquired possessions. Wealth as well as education gives greater power and ability. Also it is measured by the needs of others. In as much as we are dependent one upon

another, and have power and ability, we are debtors to our fellow men.

Our duty of service extends into every station in life. Be it that of rich or poor, the happy or unhappy, there are lives that may be uplifted, and the duty is involved upon us to labor in that sphere.

The true man of service is he who gives not only his money, but he who gives himself. Service that is bought is worth but little. How many men have there been who have dazzled the world with their achievements; still, when put in the balance of true service, have been weighed and found wanting. Great names will not always make useful men, neither can useful men always acquire great names.

The requisite of true and effective service is love. If our lives be filled with longing for our fellow men and our service rendered with love and kindness, then it will be of worth to the world.

You must be the noblest and best man you can possibly be, if you expect to help others. A building must have a good foundation if it towers high and is useful. So it is with your life; if you would render service that will be ennobling and towering as the high pinnacle, the foundation of your life must contain the solid stones of character. Early manhood and woman hood is the time of laying these stones, while the foundation of life's building is being laid.

For it is then that the future destiny of man, to a great measure, is determined. As with the tender oak, if some poisonous substance is thrown around it, to be absorbed into its life, or if some inferior shrub be grafted into it, it will be thwarted forever in the purpose for which it is created. So it is with the youth who absorbs inferior principles, or allows

evil motives and low aspirations to be grafted into his life—his usefulness will be lessened and a noble life wasted.

Every individual has some characteristic or latent power, which if aroused would move the world to greater action. If the American youth of today would perform the duties which are his, those which lie nearest to him, and begin life in the service of his fellow men, great powers which would otherwise lie dormant would arise in him, enabling him to meet the needs of humanity, and to inspire men to higher ideals.

Service brings to us freedom. Just to the amount we serve our fellow beings, are we made free and independent. If man has the ability for service, it is only by the entrance into that service that he enters into the fullness of his freedom. When the ice and snow have melted upon the mountain, it is only when they find their way down the slope into the river flowing on and on, doing the service that water has to do, that they attain their freedom. Service broadens the channels of our lives into greater streams of liberty.

After one has spent the day in service for others, then comes the peaceful rest that is so refreshing to the lives of those who do their duty. That one who spends the day in aimless dreams, finds no rest, because he has not performed one duty, or lightened the burdens of his fellow men. Hence, the thoughts of duties undone puts the mind in constant unrest, like the ocean vessel when tossed by the tempestuous waves.

As service brings rest in the evening of the day, so also it comes in the evening of life. Then will be

heard a mighty voice, ringing through the misty clouds, breaking the stillness of the evening shades, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joys of a never ending rest."

Fountains of joy and happiness will burst forth in our lives, like springs of crystal water gushing from the hillside where some weary traveler passing by stops to quench the thirst of his fevered lips. The gloom of day and night will vanish away as the clouds disappear from the heavens. And as the little bird chirps its merry song of rejoicing at the approach of spring so we will sing songs of happiness in the rendering of service to other lives.

In living for others your interests are widened, the desires for life increased, the end of life enriched, therefore filling the lofty purpose allotted to man. Socrates declared that the highest reward he could enjoy was to see mankind benefited by his labors.

Service, no matter how small, will receive its reward. No good deed is ever lost.

If such grand possibilities lie within reach of our ability, then let us live pure lives, enter the life of service to our fellowmen, and lift this nation to a higher plane of usefulness. You can furnish a life so faithful to every duty, so ready for every service, and so determined for all good, that the nation will put on a new robe of grandeur, every home be clothed with higher ideals, and every individual ennobled with a higher standard of living.

Make your lives sublime. Leave behind you foot prints on the sands of time, that shall cause ages to look upon and be inspired for the uplifting of their fellow beings. Do something worthy of being re-

membered. Make the world better by your having lived in it. Write your name upon the hearts and memories of others, by doing them all the good within your power.

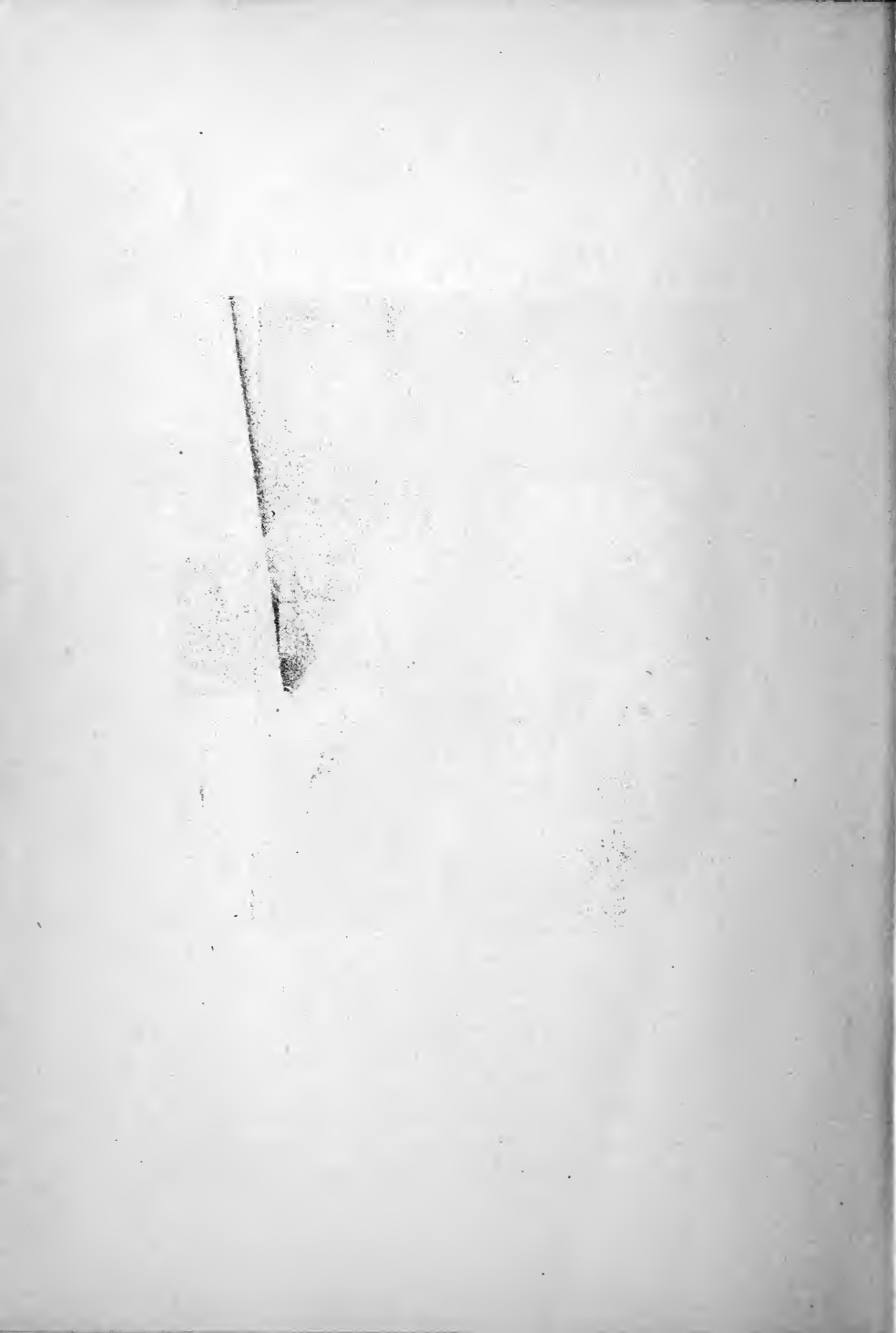
This is your greatest privilege and your highest duty in life.

Then let us be men. Men who are willing to deny selfish motives. Men who will give to the needs of others their best endeavors. Men who are endowed with a higher purpose than that of gaining the world for themselves. Such men will speak and the world will obey. And as the eagle soars upwards into the heavens, above smoke and fog and misty clouds, so the man who has lived a life of service shall be honorably rewarded and favorably remembered by man, and at last be ushered into that kingdom of eternal peace, and there be crowned a victor forever, beyond the toil and tumult of time.



Jennie Sheets-Hamlin Gertrude Potter
W. E. Kelly Mabel Conley J. W. Primrose

FIRST GRADUATING CLASS—MAY 1905



Life is What We Make It

J. W. PRIMROSE

Every man has the shaping of life in his own hands. God has placed within each human being the power to choose the ideal which shall determine his destiny. He may choose an ideal, which to attain will require constant, untiring energy, or he may drift with the tide. It requires no effort to be a sluggard, but to be a man, one whose power of thought and action will be felt by his fellow men, takes a high aim, a determined purpose and an unbending will. Children may succeed without a definite aim, but manhood must have a goal toward which the ship of life may be guided.

It is the privilege of each one to choose the ideal which shall determine his destiny. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." If we would see our future we may see it in the thoughts of today. Our hopes, our aims, our aspirations, backed up by our efforts, shape the destiny of life.

True success is not gained by the man who lives simply for self. Eating three meals each day, sleeping eight hours and amusing oneself between times is existing, not living, but the man who would live the greatest life possible, is he who seeks to develop his own natural ability, in order that he may be a moral, intellectual and physical benefit to his home, his country and his God; that as he comes in touch with men he may be able to bring to bear upon them such powers as will develop them into larger life and

greater usefulness.

The world says the gaining of wealth is the standard of success, but true success is measured by usefulness. Of what value is gold to the man dying of a dread disease, or to a human soul passing out of life without God? A man who is able to lend such material aid as will restore life, relieve the suffering, impart such living truths as will bring eternal joy and happiness to the human soul; or in any other way meet the pressing demands of the age, can be called a truly successful man.

No man can succeed without a definite plan. He must not take things by chance. The man who would succeed must adopt some plan that will develop his capabilities into the highest type of usefulness. The law in nature is plainly seen. Everything has its time and season. The kernel of wheat planted in the ground has its sprouting, growing and ripening season before it is ready for usefulness. Our nation has a similar progress in the development of its present high standard of civilization.

The Colonial days were full of darkness and superstition. Then came the struggle for development and freedom which resulted in uniting these colonies into one great republic, which stands for the mutual protection and general welfare of its people.

We are now reaping the golden harvest of peace and prosperity. Our achievements in science, art, culture and education stand highest in rank of all the world. Other methods may be adopted, but nature's plan is the most certain of success.

There must be with every plan a degree of interest

that will create an enthusiasm for work. Interest is one of the first laws of success. Interest is that which keeps a man incessantly at his work and gives him final success. Interest is the sail and enthusiasm the breeze that carries the ship of life to its determined port. Interest is the fuel and enthusiasm the steam that propels every noble purpose.

Every advanced movement finds obstacles which must be overcome. Difficulties test men's lives. Meeting and overcoming difficulties arouse latent energy and develop strength that never would have come into action had it not been for the real struggle that took place in becoming master of the situation.

The boulder thrown into the stream only widens the current or causes it to become stronger. When man has conquered self he has overcome his mightiest enemy. This cannot be done in a single day, but each hour, each moment, he is either surrendering to the inducements that lead to a higher life or giving way to the baser inducements which lead to his ruin.

Alexander the Great was the greatest general the world has ever known, yet he was conquered while in his youth and prime by his appetite for strong drink.

When man controls his passions he is a king, but when he is overcome by them he is a slave. Demosthenes placed pebbles in his mouth to overcome stammering, stood under a suspended sword to keep from shrugging his shoulders, talked before the ocean waves that he might become accustomed to the hissing of his mocking audience. His name has been placed on the annals of history as the greatest orator the world has ever known. He learned to overcome difficulties. When man is overcome by difficulties he is a creature of circumstance, but when he learns to

master the obstacles which come into his life, he is the creator of circumstances.

Men must have a right purpose in life if they would overcome. Napoleon for want of a right purpose failed to give to his country and to the world his best service. Had he chosen for his ideal, "to Rule France Well" rather than "to Control Western Europe," his life would have been a success, his name and nation would have been crowned with the highest honors

Napoleon had the powers to govern. Never in the history of France did she more fully need a ruler that would bring the entire realm into subjection. He could have given France that form of government which would have raised her to the first place among the nations of the world, but he failed. So he who fails to give to the world the best that is within his powers to give is not a success.

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. Every man is accountable for the life given him. The possibilities are placed within his reach, and he is responsible if he does not make the most of them. God furnishes the raw material, and man makes out of it what he wills.

Man is sailing on the stream of life whose current leads to disaster and ruin. His ideals are at its source. If a man drives his boat too near the shore he strands on the sand bar of low aim. In mid-stream there is a channel wide and deep; there every man through energy, grit and pluck may reach the determined port.

"Not failure but low aim is crime." Genius is nine-tenths hard work. Out of the same material one builds mansions, another builds hovels. The

question is not "What have you?" but "What are you doing?"

The lives of our martyred Presidents are examples of what men can make of their opportunities. These men were of humble birth, but by untiring industry, perseverance, honesty and courage they became soldiers, statesmen, presidents and heroes. Lives of greater usefulness can scarcely be found, yet their lives were just what they made them.

*"Let's find the sunny side of life,
Or be believers in it.
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
There is a slumbering good in all,
And we, perchance, may wake it,
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it."*

—J. W. Primrose.



C. H. Berry
Ethyl Gillman

Ray Coleman
J. H. Sutton
Flora Cassell

F. M. Newlin

FOURTH ANNUAL CONTEST—MAY 1906

Our Nation's Pride

F. M. NEWLIN

History is a story of past events. It reveals to us in chronological order important deeds of all known ages in which man has a part. As we briefly glance from the time of the ancients to the present day, we can see a mysteriously woven network of happenings which have had their influence for either good or evil upon the present condition of the world. There has been a continual unfolding of new thought, discoveries and inventions. New and deeper sciences have been exhausting the minds of great thinkers. Once unknown regions and powers have become utilized by the civilized people. Thousands of needs, both great and small, have been supplied by the marvelous inventions of men living at the time when the world seemingly could do no longer without them. Yet with all we find this world in possession of, it is far from being satisfied. All these present environments are but inducements to search for things still greater. How true are the words of Sir Isaac Newton, where he says we are but as children playing upon the sea shore, occasionally picking up here and there a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lies undiscovered before us.

Who is to reach into the deep unknown to search for those things after which the world so hungers and thirsts today. With all his environments, requirements and possibilities, this new scope of thought

and genius is to be unfurled before the world by the now-awakening free-born American of the twentieth century.

When we speak of the environment of the twentieth century American, what should we consider? To whom can we attribute the present conditions with which we are surrounded, that so strongly inspire us to press forward to such a brilliant future as the world has not yet witnessed? What has been given America in the past that makes her so boast today? It is the sciences, the discovered forces, and the choicest of thought that has been handed down through the world's history of all ages. It is the discoveries and inventions that she herself can justly claim of the nineteenth century that now lies mouldering away in the grave of time. It is her broad plains with their flowing rivers, in such a delightful climate where humanity can so rapidly prosper; her mines and forests that give great wealth; the numerous railroads that give such convenient traffic. And above all these is the freedom for which she has fought and won, that makes it possible to maintain so liberal a form of government, which is founded upon the basis of Christianity, and gives to every citizen an equal voice and privilege.

The Roman has given to the world its law, the Greek its intellect, and the Jew its religion; each of which our nation recognizes, and offers freedom of use. The ancient Egyptians gave to the world their profound sciences and skill, some of which it has not been able to surpass to this day. The early Babylonians gave to the world the division of time. Europe has produced her men of genius in the mediaeval and modern times, to which the world now owes much. Nations have risen by different powers and fallen

from various causes, giving the principles upon which depends the prosperity of a people. All this has its influence upon the civilization of our fair land.

In the nineteenth century America caused the world to marvel at her progress. Fuller's invention of the steamboat; Watt, the steam engine; Morse, the telegraph; Bell, the telephone; and more recently Edison, the phonograph, all tend toward her fame. The eloquent language of Philips, Beecher and Webster, the literature by such men as Emerson, Whittier and Longfellow, and the ideal representatives who would do and dare as our martyred presidents, Lincoln and Garfield, give us an immortal sphere of praise.

When we look out upon our broad western plains and see the open fields so sparsely populated, with their great inducements for utility, but are lacking for mankind, why should we object to the foreigners leaving their crowded abode and oppressive governments to come to a new and open world where freedom abounds, when our fathers who discovered our land and gave us our freedom, came from those same crowded homes and tyrannical powers but a few centuries ago?

History does not record the time when any other nation ever stood upon the threshold of a century with the prospects of so brilliant a future as does our home and to-day. Who then would wonder that we so proudly wave our stars and stripes on the day of our fathers birth, or the Declaration of Independence; or who would ask why we so boast of our glory and honor?

Then with all these powers and possessions as inspiration to push forward to such a crisis, there

is much required of the American people, upon whose shoulders rests this solemn duty and privilege. While we attribute much to our debtors of the old and ancient world and our fathers of the new, they are not the men we need today. They have served their time well and will long be remembered for it, but now we ask for greater men. And when we ask for them we do not ask for something we do not need, or something we are not prepared to receive. We have the homes to give them birth, and the environment to thoroughly develop them. The sciences, discoveries and inventions of the past are not what the present calls for. What was required of Washington to free our country is not what is required to advance and improve it today. What was demanded of Lincoln to save it in time of slavery is not what is demanded to save it from Capital-labor strife, or the Mormon monster of the present. Then let us not ask to be a Washington or a Lincoln or any other great talent of the past, when our nation now pleads so anxiously for greater men.

Our age calls for specialists. We are approaching the time when we will no more see the village physician planting garden for his neighbor; or a parson tilling the soil or working at the carpenter's bench for support; or the lawyer teaching his children their grammar and arithmetic. It is now being realized that most can be accomplished by the concentration of all one's energies to the one vocation with which he is divinely gifted. Many of the scientific professions are becoming so accomplished and profound that only a small part of them can be studied by the single human mind. The work of the physician is being divided by the specialists of the many delicate organs of the body. While the needs of science in

building a foundation for the generation to follow, better than that of its own.

If science is to require so much of the present and coming American, for what is his government and political welfare to ask? Our government is calling louder, and for greater men, now than ever before. It calls for pure, upright, honest men, who are for men and nothing else. Men who will dare to do the right, not considering the cost. Though having all the environments we do, there are serpents of evil creeping upon us, waiting for the chance to give us the sting of death. They are serpents that if not killed in time will shed more American blood than the freedom of our fathers or the slaves. Therefore we need men who will be patriots in time of peace to save this calamity. A patriot of peace is greater than a patriot of war. Now is the time for men to step forth to stand for our flag, and live for our country. We have reason to believe they have started when we see the actions taken by Lafollette of Wisconsin, Folk of Missouri, Hoch of Kansas, and our noble president, Theodore Roosevelt.

With so many great forces that lie behind and about us, and those needs and desires of the future, we are induced to press forward to a new and perfect standard of national idealism for the world in all ages to come. The possibilities of the American born in the next fifty years are innumerable, and beyond our thought or comprehension. So many things tend toward the production of a greater age than has yet been known. This century places men in a province that would seem obscure to the generation just past. We dare say it is possible for this century to excel the nineteenth more than the nineteenth excelled the eighteenth.

We have all for which we could ask. We are surrounded by all the handiwork of man and nature. We may know and worship with freedom a true and living God. We make and execute our laws. Let us realize these powers and possibilities, and give to the world the best we have. And let us keep "Old Glory" forever in the air. It was bought and saved by bloody wars—it evermore should wave in peace. So may we who know our noble birth, and love our banner so well, pledge our honor to its support, and by pure lives and deeds add to it a new glory, that will cause ever to be remembered the twentieth century American as Our Nation's Pride.

Greater Than Wealth

C. H. BERRY

The omniscience of man's Great Designer has caused him to create within the human soul, ambitions, aspirations and heart-yearnings, which serve as incomprehensible benefactors toward the advancement of civilization. These give to man a conception of high ideals, lofty purposes and great plans, which to attain necessitates steady development and a general upward growth. The greatest of which is Purpose. Purpose is spoken of as being visionary, yet it is the most real thing in a man's life, because it marks out and determines the course of a whole life-time, which is earnestly devoted to its pursuit and attainment. "Man is a Pilgrim journeying toward the new and beautiful city of his destined purpose; perseverance, not contentment, is the law of his life." Those who sail smoothly over life's sea to-day, may well expect waves of adversity and gigantic boulders of misfortune tomorrow. The man flushed with success may couch down in his tent of ease for the short duration of one night only, when the dawn of a new day begins to make its approach and the sun comes forth above the eastern horizon, clothing both hill and plain with all the beauty and splendor of a new day, he must arise, fold his tent, and push on toward a new and greater achievement.

Purpose is the engine, persistence the steam which carries the Ship of Life to its determined port. What induces man to forego pleasure, turn from the pursuit of riches, and deprive himself of the necessities

of life—spending weeks, months and even years in ceaseless, untiring and devoted study? What is his encouragement of repeated defeats? It is purpose. The finger of the Divine has touched the vital chords of his higher and better nature. And he in response pursues the higher conceptions of life, which are destined to guide him safely into the realm of truth and beauty. It is the purposed life that is given entirely for the betterment of one's fellow-men, and causes him to measure the degree of success to which he attains by what he gives to the world, rather than what he receives from it. It also causes him to make great contributions toward the promotion of human happiness. Who can contemplate such a beautiful character as that of Frances E. Willard, without having higher conceptions of life; the sound of whose very name is an inspiration to every liberty-loving man and woman of our land? It was the untiring energy and determination of this one to alleviate the sufferings of distressed humanity that won for her a place in the hearts of thousands.

Another beautiful illustration of the purposed life is that of Wendell Phillips; that man who abandoned law and politics, and devoted unreservedly both time and talent to the solution of the anti-slavery agitation. Although seemingly he stood alone in this great drama, being opposed by both the leading parties of his day, yet he never shrunk from his course. Although assailed and howled at by mobs, he remained steadfast in his convictions, until he saw his efforts crowned by the emancipation of the slaves for whose freedom and safety he had so earnestly striven.

The men who have always been used to so great an advantage as channels through which civilization

has reached such matured state, have been men who were capable of conceiving a purpose clearly, and pursuing it courageously through evil and good report.

You may even sweep aside all questions as to man's gift or intellectual power. The great force with which you must reckon is the immense strength and heroic persistency of his purpose. No, it is not because he has been endowed with an unusual amount of power, but because of his untiring and ceaseless striving toward one great end, that he triumphs. We have seen men who were so steadfast in purpose, unwavering in aim, that no matter what difficulty they encountered or opposition they met, we could tell almost to a certainty for what goal they were determined. These are the men of one ideal; the men who know what they want, and live to accomplish it.

The man who is without a purpose is like a ship upon the great Atlantic without rudder, course or compass. Sailing over the foaming waste of the world are thousands of ships, but not one without rudder, course, compass or a determined port. If you could conceive such awful scene as a mariner afloat at high sea, carrying a precious cargo he knew not whither, and who cared not in what latitude he sailed, you would say with a throb of horror, "At last I have seen that spectral dream of old word mariners, a ship of fools, a ship of the dead; an appalling vision because literally a vision of the doomed." Yet that is a frequent spectacle upon the broad seas of life. Men sail out from the shores of youth and opportunity, and leave the winds and storms, to which such great sea is subjected, to select their course and determine their goal. They never put before them a worthy purpose, a purpose that is

worth living for, and worth dying for, and consequently their lives are as blanks upon the annals of history.

Yes, every man should have a purpose, and I verily believe most men do really have a purpose—that is, they have visions of what they would be, but are not. However, all do not have the same kind of purpose; 'tis true as the purpose is noble or ignoble, false or true, high or low, it will directly determine the success or failure of its possessor. Therefore, it is not enough that man simply has a purpose, but he should have a right purpose, one that will develop his capabilities into the highest type of usefulness, and enable him to lend such material aid as will brighten the hopes and cheer the hearts of millions who are lost in the darkness of sin and oppression. The possession of such a purpose, indeed, not only brings blessings and happiness to its possessor, but to those about him. Contrast for a moment the lives of Frances E. Willard and Wendell Phillips, whose high purposes have ennobled and cheered the lives of millions, with those of Marat and Robespierre, whose selfishness and ambition have caused much sorrow, and even the loss of millions of lives—and you will be obliged to say that it is well to have a right purpose.

Napoleon, because of his lack of a right purpose, failed to establish in France that form of government based upon the principles of justice and righteousness which would have alleviated the sufferings of thousands of the plebeian class, and eventually prevented the great French revolution of 1848, which is a disgrace upon the pages of European history. Sampson, a man of unlimited strength, became a victim of passion and sin, and failed to fulfill the

function of his designer in the delivery of his race from the power of the Philistines—he lacked a right purpose.

“A great action is always preceded by a grand plan.” The great victories which are worthy of the world’s notice or praise, are won first of all in a man’s own soul. The Holy Book says: “As a man thinketh in his heart so is he,” which means that the thoughts of one’s mind mould and form his character into their likeness. If he thinks of low and trivial things, he himself will become worthless, but if he meditates upon the high and beautiful, his character becomes true and virtuous. How essential it is, therefore, that we have the right purpose in mind; not occasionally, but that we meditate continually upon the higher conceptions of life. “You may never be what you would like to be, but you will always be the better for having purposed something high.”

Definiteness of aim is one of the greatest characteristics of all truly great and successful lives. No, it is not enough to have a general purpose, but the concentration of energy is necessary to the attainment of any great conceived plan, or to the achievement of the excellency there is in life. The young men who seek employment today are not asked from what college they have graduated, or who their ancestors were, but “What can you do?” The arrow shot from the bow does not wander around on its way to see what it can hit—but goes straight to the mark.

That which keeps man low in the realm of animate life and makes him inferior to those about him, of equal opportunities, is not lack of energy, but concentration. What chance has one who has a smattering of a dozen languages, but is master of none?

Scattered energy is jealous of success. "Every great man has become great, every successful man has succeeded in proportion as he has confined his power in one particular channel." There is welled up in each human soul, sufficient power, if concentrated, to guide its possessor safely into the clime of success and happiness. Science teaches us that ninety-nine per cent of the power which is stored up in the coal is given off as waste in the form of heat, smoke and gas on its way from the power house to the electric light bulb, and that one per cent, only, reaches the bulb where it becomes of real use or service. Too oft is only one per cent of that energy which is stored up in the human soul of any service toward the promotion of civilization, and the other ninety and nine per cent is wasted in sin, dissipation and indecision.

The one all-important lesson, which so many neglect but should learn, is to say, "This one thing I do." When a man collects all his power with this thought in mind, he has clothed himself with a force against which life and death are impotent.

The men who have indelibly written their names on the pages of history, or stamped them upon the rolls of honor and greatness, have been decided men—men of one ideal. No one can pursue a worthy purpose, steadily and persistently, with all the power of his mind, and yet make his life a failure. It is the striving toward the realization of these great plans that bring about that reformation and transformation of one's life which is beyond any human comprehension. Who can explain that wonderful change which took place in the life of John B. Gough, when he was transformed from a drunken maniac to one of the greatest orators the world has ever known? Who can fathom the depths of that

mysterious reformation which took place in the life of the Apostle Paul, when he fell upon his knees and vowed to uphold the doctrine of the Christ whom he had so mercilessly persecuted; or that elevation of both thought and deed which takes place in any life when one begins to hate the things he formerly loved, and love the things he formerly hated? We cannot explain—we only know that somehow it is the embracing of a high ideal, and striving toward its attainment.

It is well to have a purpose, a right purpose, a concentrated purpose; yet those who have all these characteristics but lack perseverance are like a great ocean steamer in the midst of the deep, blue sea; with all the necessary equipments with the exception of fuel, which means not only the loss of the ship, but also disaster to the precious cargo, and often human freight. Would Alexander have conquered the world and received the title of Great had he only conceived the plan of doing so? No, never! But back of those plans which had been worked out so clearly in his own mind, and gave him such a vivid conception of what the world would be when he had completed his work, was an iron will, a determined purpose, and tireless resolution. "I will, I will succeed, under any circumstances. Who can think of such great character as that, and not have loftier conceptions of life and greater ambition to act in response to the vision of his mind?

The souls of feeble-minded men are the graveyards of good intentions. Just as the energy lies dormant within the coal until brought into contact with oxygen which causes combustion, the latent energy is dormant within the the human soul until man is moved by the vital importance of his immediate and

irresistible pursuance of the long conceived plan of his life. You may even scan the pages of the world's history from the time that Moses received the law on Mount Sinia, down to the time that Roosevelt took his seat at Washington as the chief executive of this, our United States, and you will never find a man or woman who has, by the building of air-castles of the conceiving of great plans, accomplish that which would cause the following generation to rise up and call them blessed. It is not the building of air-castles, but the determination to make them real, that makes one's life successful.

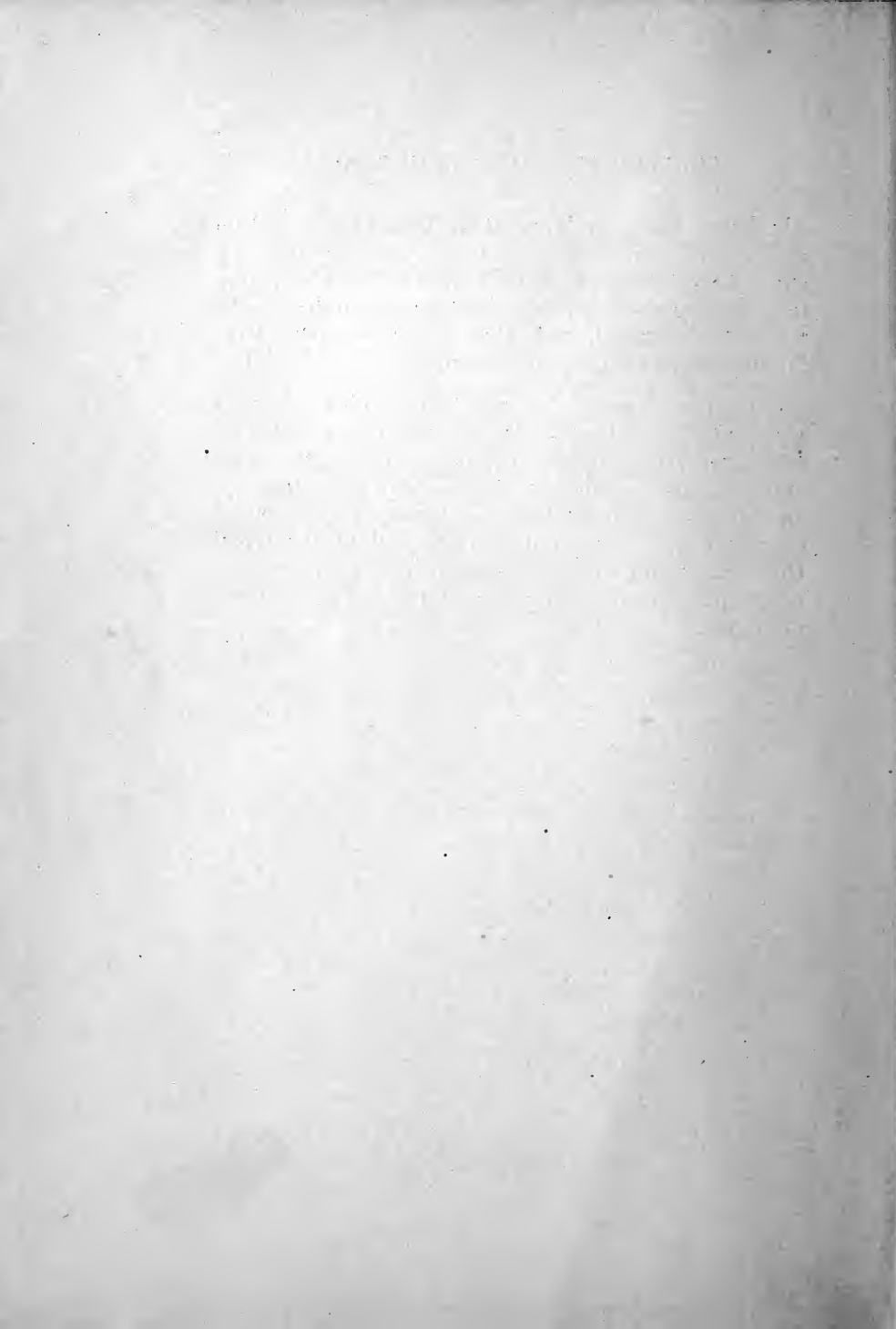
Christopher Columbus pursued the convictions of his own mind and became the discoverer of America. Martin Luther, seeing the corrupt and polluted condition of the Roman Catholic church, resolved to bring about that Reformation which he believed would be acceptable to his Creator. He carried out the resolutions of his heart amid great indignation, and became the instigator of the Wonderful Reformation.

God and the world want men of purpose, preparation and perseverance. From almost every source you can hear the call for men; men who have a purpose; men who have a right purpose and are pursuing it with all the power of their better judgments.

There has never been a time in our Nation's history when there was a greater demand for men of high ideals, clean lives and unbending wills. It stands, today, highest in rank of all the world. Her achievements in science, art, culture and education have never been surpassed. But what has made her thus? It has been the high purposed lives of her individual citizens, and their devotion to their Nation's welfare and happiness. But many of those

who have stood, as it were, at the helm of our Nation and guided her thus far safely across the shadowy sea of time toward the quiet harbor of the ideal, have long since passed into the vast unknown to receive their final reward, and their responsibilities have fallen upon a rising generation.

[Therefore, national as well as individual progress rests entirely with you. So, if you are interested in your own advancement; if you love your fellow-men and seek their promotion; if you love your country, and wish to see its influence enlighten the people of every land; if you would do the will of the Great Creator; get hold of a purpose, a high purpose, pursue it tenaciously with grit and pluck which knows no defeat.



Ties That Bind

ETHYL GILFILLAN

Man is a social being. He stands at the anvil of experience, and creates chains which bind him to many circles. The normal man desires companionship. "He who desires solitude is either a wild beast or a god." Civilization is composed of the companionship of man. If man lived to himself he would be of no value to others, neither would he develop his own natural abilities. The hermit desires solitude, and is of no benefit to society. Society is the soul of human progress. Man's social improvement depends upon his society with this wide intercourse with our fellow men. There are many ties that bind. These are the source of every true man's happiness and progress.

Common interest is a tie that binds men, cities, and nations together. The crusades combined all Europe in a mighty army with the one purpose of regaining the Holy Sepulcher from the Moham-medans.

Commerce unites men and nations. It embodies all mankind in one common brotherhood of mutual dependence and interest. As man depends upon man for support, so does nation upon nation. No nation produces enough to supply its needs. Their exchange joins them into a closer relationship. Commerce has made all winds her mistress, she enters the ports of every nation, and links them into one great union.

Those engaged in educational pursuits are bound

by a unique tie. Men of letters have much in common. The poet, the philosopher, and the scientist, each in turn move the world, and are united by the tie of thought and culture. Many are the members of the educated circle. So intimate is their relationship that we think them inseparable.

Common danger brings man into closer relationship. Men, cities, and nations, have united their forces in time of common danger for mutual protection. In unity there is strength, for "United we stand, divided we fall." The colonists formed themselves into an alliance for protection against the Indians. The thirteen colonies united to fight for their liberty against England. The Spanish-American war united the bleeding hearts of the North and South, as nothing else could have done. Those who once tried to tear down the Stars and Stripes, then fought bravely for their country. Their patriotism united them into one great nation.

Sympathy is a still stronger tie. It is one of the great secrets of a happy life. It consists in entering into the joys and sorrows of others. It is the foundation of friendship, it is one of the great principles of the home together. Sympathy glorifies humanity. By it, man is made dearer to man, even the poorest long to feel that they have been the giver of some blessing to their brother. Sympathy for sorrow is greater than that for joy. Sorrow, need and feebleness awaken human sympathy. Those in deep sorrow are comforted and cheered by the sympathy of others. Many have been discouraged, but by sympathy and encouragement have again taken up their work. Weakness and infirmity touch the tender cord of pity in the hearts of the strong, who by little

deeds of kindness and help, lighten the burdens of others, and bring joy to themselves. For virtue is its own reward. The philanthropist's heart is touched by the sight of the suffering of the poor, hungry, ragged paupers in the slums of the large city. He has a sympathy for all humanity. There is a tie existing between them. He decreases their suffering, and lifts them into a higher and purer atmosphere. He labors among them and has an interest in them. His work is often disagreeable, but he feels such a sympathy for suffering humanity that he sacrifices his life for the work.

But a still stronger tie is the golden chain of friendship, that binds the hearts of people. It is a combination of sympathy and love. Friendship may be found in any climate, either on the frozen plains of Northern Russia, or in the torrid zone of Brazil. Wherever it may be found, it is always watered by the dews of love and kindness. True friendship blooms only in a self-sacrificing heart, where it has a never ending summer, and is joy to the happy possessor. It is valuable and very scarce. "The only way to have a true friend is to be one." Nothing will soften the hardened heart of man like a true friend, to whom he can go with his griefs, fears, hopes, and aspirations, or whatever lies on his heart to trouble him. Friendship wields a powerful influence on the souls and mind of men, either for good or ill. But true friendship is beneficial to him. It brings out all that is noble and best in him. It strengthens him and makes it easier for him to live and do his work. Emerson says, "Our chief need in life is someone to make us do what we can." Many lives have been made a success, and many great deeds accomplished, through the help and encouragement

of friends. As was often said of Abraham Lincoln, that he had nothing except plenty of friends. The question has been asked, "what is the secret of a happy life?" The answer is: "Having one or more true friends." True friendship between man is a tie that can be carried through life and excuses many small actions and words which would otherwise give offense. There is nothing so beautiful as to see two friends bound by the silken tie of friendship. Jonathan withstood the wrath of his father for the sake of his friend. The friendship between Jonathan and David affords a beautiful example of two souls bound together by the strong chain of friendship. Each loved the other as he did his own soul.

Home is the grandest of all institutions. It is the temple of ideals, the sanctuary of the true, the beautiful and the good. The word "home" touches every fibre of the human heart. Many associations are linked with the home; the parents' love, and the association of brothers and sisters. The thoughts of home awaken every emotion in the human heart. Some years ago, twenty thousand people gathered in Castle Garden, New York, to hear Jennie Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, sing the sublime compositions of Beethoven, Handel and other masters of song; but Jennie thought of her home, and with emotion began to sing "Home, Sweet Home." In a moment, that great audience was led back by the misty chords of memory to thousands of homes which still bound them to friends of former days. Many while walking in the paths of sin have been reminded of a good, pure home, and have given up their evil life. The home is a holy institution; it is where the child receives his first impression; it is where his character is formed. To the little child, home is the world; it

is all that he knows. If reared in a true home, his character will be good and pure. In youth, his character is formed, and upon his home depends his character throughout life. Man's success depends upon his home. The Arabian or barbarian care little for their home, but to men of cultured hearts and developed minds, home is their dearest possession. On the home depends the hope of nations, and their welfare and prosperity upon the character of their homes. The old colonial homes made the men who fought so bravely for their country's freedom. The indirect cause of the French revolution was the lack of homes. Napoleon said, "If France wants better soldiers, she must have better homes." The American nation has been made what she is today by her homes, and her future depends upon them. The true home is made sacred by the father's care, the mother's love, and the circle of loving brothers and sisters, happy in each other's love. The home is the true mother's kingdom—there she is queen, shedding joy and gladness to all. With watchful eyes of love, beside the sick bed she endeavors to heal her child. The children's life is her life and she loves them more than her own soul. A mother's love cannot be supplied; it is so pure, strong and unselfish. There is an enduring tenderness in a mother's love for her children. She resigns every comfort for their convenience, surrenders every enjoyment for their happiness. She glories in their fame, exalts in their prosperity, and if misfortune comes to them, they are dearer to her; or if disgrace stains their name, they are still all in all to her. There is no tie so strong as a mother's love. It cannot be supplied; it cannot be equalled; it is the strongest of human ties.

These ties bring to humanity every day its most

precious blessings. We do not appreciate them as we should, neither do we realize their true value. We should strive to maintain these ties, for they are the essence of life. Without them, man is like a ship without a rudder, tossed about on the ocean. On these ties depends man's character, progress and happiness. Then may we keep burning in our hearts love, reverence and obedience to the laws of life that keep these ties intact; until we can sing with the "invisible choir," blessed be the ties that bind.

Unwritten Heroism

J. A. SUTTON

In reviewing the world's history of its great wars and stirring events, its fallen and its exalted positions, we find the names of men and the account of their noble deeds that illuminate its darkest pages.

That nation which does not hold in esteem her great men and their noble lives as priceless jewels, is unjust, and her fate is nigh at hand.

In New York City, the Hall of Fame, a magnificent structure has been erected whose halls are ornamented with the names of great men. Some who have given their lives on the battle field for their country's sake; some who have penned writings that have accomplished far more than the sword; some who have stood in the king's council and by their diplomatic skill have won peace to our nation; others still who have stood with hand on the helm governed by the joint decision of right and justice in council assembled have steered safe into the future our nation's craft. Great monuments have been erected, which mark their last resting place, while their names brighten the darkest pages of our nation's history. Magnificent statues towering high into the air, attribute reverence to these great men. They are thus honored, as the heroes of our nation.

In studying the lives of men who have accomplished great things by their heroic toils, we find that the work of some was of such a nature that notwithstanding their devoted lives which were as priceless

jewels, notwithstanding the difficulty under which they labored and what their lives mean to the world, the memory of their achievements has faded away. We find others whose works were of such a nature (although not more nobly or successfully accomplished) that they have been exalted to the highest pinnacle of praise and stand high above all others in the estimation of the public. Ought this to be? Not condemning the latter, for perhaps they deserve praise on equal grounds, but I appeal tonight on behalf of the former. Men whose lives are to the world in which they live, as a lighted candle. Ah! More than that; as a great light that seems to illuminate its darkest ages, as a divine emanation destined to lead men from their humble positions to a more exalted life.

What is heroism? Is it rushing into battle on the impulse of the moment pouring out one's blood like water before he has consulted right and justice? Is it exhibiting one's bravery and power of endurance for selfish ends? Or is it acting according to the convictions of a devoted heart amid whatsoever surroundings; or standing upon that principle which he or she may think to be right in the face of whatever circumstances.

He is a hero who governs himself. In the supremacy of self-control consists one of the perfections of the heroic life. Self-control is not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost; but to be self-constrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decisions of the feelings in council assembled; before which every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined.

Some men are skilled in the art of attracting public attention, and with this end in view put forth their greatest efforts to accomplish the same. While others, not with a greedy desire for fame, laboring not that their names be written in the hall of fame, but with duty their only motive in view they press forward—promoting happiness by their honest lives, and inspiring men higher and higher.

I do not come tonight to silence voices in attributing praise to the worthy, but let us give praise to whom praise is deserving, and honor to whom honor is due. Since right and justice demand this, why should we pass by such men as Judge Lindsey, of Denver, who by his life and devotion to his trust has accomplished more for the state of Colorado in reforming her criminals than any other man has ever done. And Jasper of the revolutionary war, who so nobly served his country, and Davenport, a member of the 36th National Congress. When we learn of his devotion, and the true type of heroism he possessed, we wonder why his name has not yet reached the hall of fame. Is it because his noble toil was wasted energy? No. It is because his life had no glittering peaks towering high for the gaze of an admiring world, and yet, the level plain of his toil, how rich in strength and usefulness, The mountain peaks lift their glittering crests to the sky, and win attention and admiration, but it is in the great, fertile valleys that we reap the abundant harvest. Davenport was a member of Congress in that memorable year 1860. 'Twas while thus serving his country that he proved that the devotion which he possessed to his trust and duty is almost unsurpassable. On that memorable day in July, we find Congress as-

sembled, composed of worthy men, but half startled and half frightened at what was then thought to be a strange occurrence, for the sun was in total eclipse. After the Congress hall had become darkened, until faces could scarce be recognized, a gentleman, rising, put the motion for adjournment, stating that he thought that the end of the world had come. Davenport, nobly rising from his seat, and in the form of a motion, expressed his wish that candles be lighted, and that they proceed with business. "For," said he, "This may well be the day of judgment which the world awaits, but be it so or not, I only know my present duty and my Lord's command to occupy till He comes. So at the post where He has set me in His providence, I for one choose to meet him face to face, not a faithless servant frightened from my task, but ready when the Lord of the harvest calls." Thus proving, by these words, that his heroic life was not for selfish ends, but being led by that predominating spirit which every hero possesses, he had discharged his duty with a clear conscience, and in the fear of the One whom he expected soon to face.

It seems to me, that in all the great category of heroes and heroines, the ones that have been led by that still, small voice predominate in the heroic. The ones to whom the nations are indebted in their greatness, the ones that most justly claim our attention, are the sainted mothers. When we stop to think that the great work of noble men, with but a few exceptions, are but the fruits of a mother's heroic life, we do not wonder that President McKinley, while on his death bed, idolized his mother in attributing to her his greatness. Nor, do we mar-

vel at the words spoken by Lincoln when he said, "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." Why should we not attribute the honor due to the thousands of such characters who have no great statues erected for the commemoration of their noble and devoted lives. The ardent spirit of a mother far transcends that of any statesman, or captain in the battle field, in its spotless devotion. What is one's life without the advice and influence of a mother? It is like a ship in mid ocean without a rudder, helpless in its attempts to resist the waves, and to reach the port in view. Allow me to again appeal in behalf of the mother, as the one who shapes the lives of great men for our country's need. We behold the life of the present Chief Executive of our nation, as a mirror which reflects the life of the one by whom he was cherished, and under a strict discipline reared to manhood.

The demand of the twentieth century is not for men and women who are impulsiv, consulting events rather than duty, nor is it for a Dewey who so gallantly commanded his great fleet, for he received ample praise; then ceased to concentrate his energy to the position he so nobly filled, to seek honor rather than duty, but for men of principle, firm and decisive, men who realize that events belong to God, but duty to us; men never fearing results, but faithfully discharging their duty on all occasions.

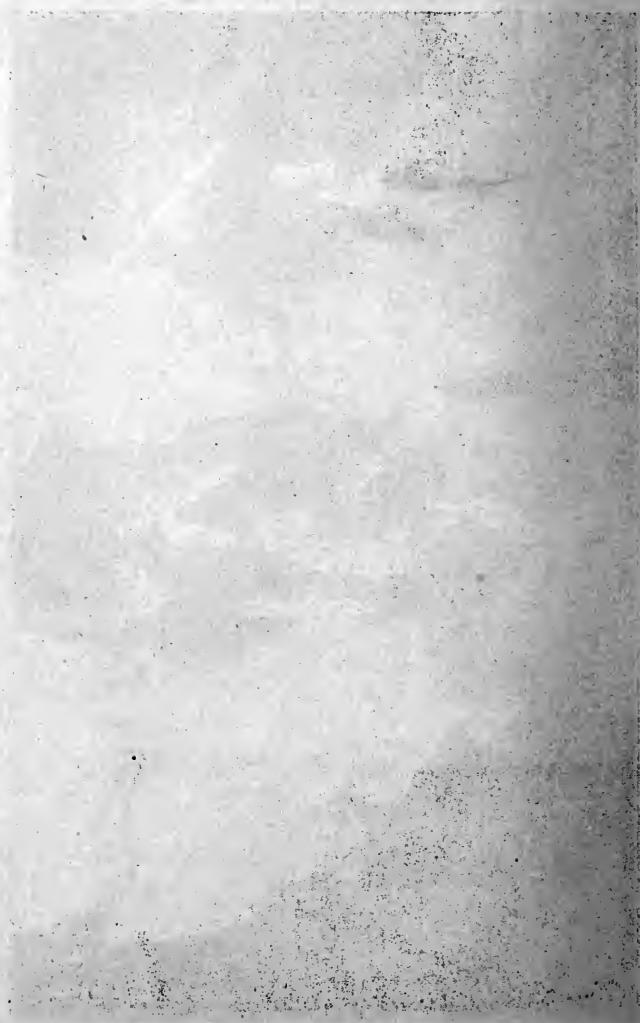
The path then pursued may not lead us to

wealth and comfort, nor may it cause our names to be associated with the names of Lincoln, Grant, and the noble Washington in the Hall of Fame, but our nation's need demands it. Since duty is ours, and reward beckons us on, why should we longer wait as faithless servants? Let us stand in the ranks of the brave discharging our duty with hope and faithfulness, and await the reward.



Ethel House Maude Potter R. O. Evans Flora Johnston F. E. Hamlin
Reid McMechen Hattie Lambert

SECOND GRADUATING CLASS—MAY 1906



The Mission of Discontent

R. O. EVANS

Man is not the creature of circumstances, but the architect of his own fate. He is ever marching on to new and greater achievements. The pinnacles of yesterday are the foundations of today, and thus he is rising higher and higher. He aspires to be something of use to his fellow-men; to cut notches in history deep enough to withstand the erasure of a generation or century; to play his own part in the grand drama of time. But what is that inward motive that thus inspires him? The philosophy looks deep and far for the sources from which progress springs. Philosophy analyzes the elements in the life and mind of man which have made possible the growth of the race, and finds the forces which lift toward the ideal; and she gives back to the world her answer. This element of progressive life springs from discontentment.

Progress, development, the fate and fame of nations—everything springs from the one source: Discontentment. I say everything. Every failure, as well as every success, arises directly from discontentment. If failure arises from discontent, you say discontent is an evil. This is not true. With discontent have common sense. Then there would be no failures. The life that conquers is the life that moves with a steady resolution and persistence toward a predetermined goal. If your life is a failure, it is not a lack of genius, fair chance, or contentment; but of com-

mon sense and perseverance. "Burke has very beautifully said, "Show me a contented man, and I will show you a degraded slave."

When God made man and gave him the power to choose for himself, He gave discontent to spur him on through the ages, toward the ideal. The purpose of discontent is to guide society forward in the path of progress, to steer our frail barks across the future's shadowing sea, steadily toward the port of our destination, the quiet harbor of the ideal. Discontent precedes all other blessings of humanity. It is the fountain from which springs all human endeavor, whether the discovery of a new world, the founding of a new nation, the invention of an airship or the redeeming of immortal souls.

A noble discontent, by its very nature, sees possibilities and urges us toward their realization. It is a sign that the soul lives. Nay, more, it is a power lifting the soul toward ideality—its ultimate reality. This element of discontent in a progressive life creates dissatisfaction with existing circumstances, which is the first step toward their betterment. Its energizing power is manifest in every walk of life.

As we cast our mind's eye out across the broad gulf of the history of the world's heroes and heroines, the mark of discontentment urging them on to better and nobler things is manifested. Roll back the tide of two thousand years. In a little state of Northern Greece, we see discontentment brewing in the soul of the king of Macedon. Alexandr is not content to rule the kingdom which his father gave him. He organizes the Macedonian phalynx. He conquers internal insurrections. He makes all Greece to do his will and to fear his woeful sceptre. But he is not

satisfied to rule only Greece. He leads the Grecian troops across the Hellespont, and conquers the eastern world. Nation after nation is forced into subjugation. City after city is razed to the ground. Army after army is annihilated, as the Macedonian phalynx plows its way through with fire and sword to the Orient. But now there are no more nations to conquer, and he must content himself to rule his present empire. From here dates the fall of Alexander, the greatest general and one of the greatest characters recorded in history. Discontent brought out the faculties which made him the greatest general in the world, and contentment made him the most despicable character of his kingdom.

But let us pass to more modern history. At the close of the fifteenth century we see a German youth going from door to door singing his native songs, if, perchance, some one might throw him a shilling with which to buy books. He is the son of a poor miner who is unable to educate him. A noble discontent burns in his youthful breast, urging him on to something greater and nobler. Then we see him a graduate from the Wittenburg university. Later he is a Professor of Philosophy and Doctor of Philosophy. As Martin Luther became more learned in wisdom's ways, his intimate acquaintance with the Bible told him that the public sale of "Indulgences" and the supreme authority of the Pope were contrary to the teachings of the Holy Book. The exhibition of ecclesiastical corruption which he saw when he made a trip to Rome only served to strengthen his disbelief in some of the canons of Catholicism. Discontented with seeing the millions of true-hearted Germans serving an impious faith, Luther made known his belief in defiance of the Papal authority. He in-

stigated the cause that wrenched true Christianity from the clutches of Catholicism, and saved Christianity and the world.

Almost at the same time we see in South-eastern Europe a Genoese navigator, who having read the theories of some Italian scholars, believes in the earth's rotundity. He is a moderately well to do shipman and merchantman, but he is discontented with going around Cape Good Hope with his wares en-route to India. He believes by sailing directly westward a shorter route can be had. We see him as he travels from nation to nation putting his plans before the rulers of the world, and invoking their assistance. He is received with the same indifferent courtesy by the heads of all western nations. We see his wife and children forsake him, and we see him spending the best years of his life praying in vain for aid before the kings of Europe. For twenty-seven years he travels from kingdom to kingdom. Each in turn drives him away, and calls him a maniac. But discontent was born in Columbus not to be crushed by twenty-seven years of fruitless effort. He appeals to Spain. He is given aid. Now we see three caravels leave Spain's patriotic shores, facing westward. Days, weeks, months pass by and these three ships ride the mighty deep, tossed about as three chips, the sport of wind and wave. Hope is lost, and despair enters the hearts of all save the leader. When the last night out, a glimmering torch on shore invites them to rest a troubled mind. In the morning, a new land is sighted glowing in all the splendor and magnificence of a tropical clime. A new world is discovered, and the geography of the earth is changed. Was he not rewarded for that spark of never-wavering discontent that burned within him?

But let us come down to our own age. Wendell Phillips was the idol of the Harvard boys. His excellent carriage, his polished manners and refined scholarship, his mastery of the platform and knack of commanding, his chosen profession, all foretold he would be a leader at the bar. But let us look again. A few years later from the second story window of his law office, he sees a howling, frantic mob dragging Garrison through the streets of the city where Otis had said: "Freedom of speech is inalienable." Discontent moved the soul of Wendell Phillips at that moment, when he saw this man cursed and beaten by the citizens of Boston. The vision of better things, the helping of the human race, man's duty to his God, all stirred deep within his soul as he tossed and rolled on his couch that memorable night. It seemed the voice of the Unseen One came through a rift in the clouds, and guided to his window by the friendly moonlight, entered the rooms where this rambling, raging soul was, and spoke to it, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Then we see him as he makes his way to the platform of Faneuil Hall, and, pointing to the pictures of the heroes on the walls, he gives utterance to words which no eloquence of this generation can ever touch. "When I heard the gentleman lay down principles which placed the murderers of this man side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American, the slanderer of the dead. For the sentiments he has uttered on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up." Such burning eloquence carried

these words ringing through Fanueil Hall that Wendell Phillips' speech ranks with Patrick Henry's and Abraham Lincoln's—and there is no fourth. The very city that would have slain him builded his monument, and men who once would not defile their lips with his name taught their children the pathway to his tomb. It was this vision splendid that saved Wendell Phillips from an uneventful, contented career, and inscribed his name on the roll of honor. It was discontent that touched the silent chords of his noble soul, and caused them to resound with a melody that is seldom known, save in that heavenly orchestra which he has long since joined.

Thus we could go on and on recalling every notable personage in the world's history, and pointing out the discontentment that spurred them on to grander achievements. When the English people became discontented with absolute monarchy and a tyrannical king, they exacted from John the Magna Charta, the first epistle of freedom for the English speaking world. When our forefathers became discontented with "taxation without representation," they shook off the yoke of oppression that bound them to the mother country, and formed a free and independent nation.

At the age of fifteen Alexander Hamilton wrote to a friend, "I am not content to be a mere clerk. There are vast possibilities before me as a youth. I long for an education." Later, we see this man with others building the greatest nation in the world. Discontent moved Horace Mann to forsake a worthy calling, and give his life to building the American school system. Discontent drove Frances E. Willard to devote her life toward redeeming a liquor-cursed

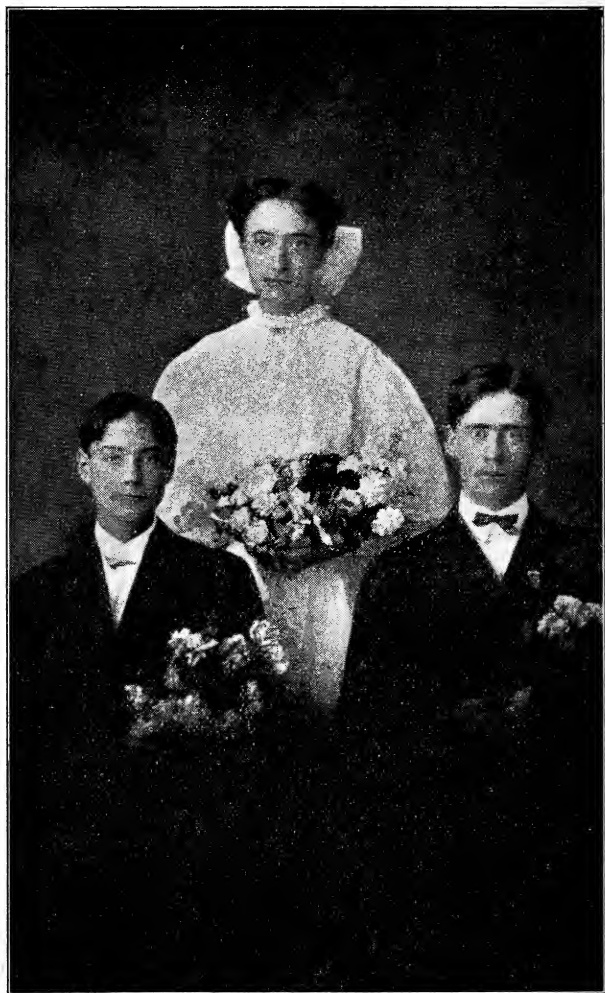
nation. Discontent made Tennyson's name immortal and brought from him realms of truth and beauty, sublime and unperishable.

Thus we see true greatness, nothing of worth or merit can ever be obtained except through the instrumentality of discontent. Discontent has transformed the arid desert into fertile fields waving with golden grain. It has belted the globe with a steel rail, and put all nations in speaking distance and on speaking terms.

I bear to you this parting word: This spirit of discontentment within you is opportunity knocking at your door. All lands are not yet known. All truth is not yet revealed. As long as God gives man a desire He will also provide that which shall satisfy. Quench not the zeal that is within thee, but nourish it as an inspiration from heaven, and guard it as God-given. It is the Divine call to thy soul to come up higher. Whether the mantle of Horace Mann falls on thy shoulders, or the spirit of the reformer animates thee, or to thee is given the key of unrevealed truth and beauty, let the winter of thy discontent thaw to balmy summer. Let the streams of activity flow in the channels of purpose and letting this fire of discontentment burn within thee, fulfill thou the destiny of thy life.

*"If thou canst plan a noble deed,
And never flag till it succeed,
Though in the strife of life thy heart should
bleed,*

*Thine hour will come. Go on, true soul,
Thou'lt win the prize, thou'lt reach the goal.*



Jacob Wyatt Flora Cassell Claud Musgrave

FIFTH ANNUAL CONTEST—MAY 1907

Ideal Incentives

C. E. MUSGRAVE

The incentives that lead to the accomplishment of the world's best works are not inherited talents, wealth or genius, because the most of the noblest works have come through men of humble birth, who possessed none of these endowments at the beginning of their career.

Dominate purposes, labor, courage, and loyalty to the highest ideals of life are the factors which have produced our grandest achievements.

Many a man's name would be bright on the pages of history today, had he been guided by the right incentive and had he developed the hidden ideals which God has placed in every human soul; but his hopes were lost and his aims scattered to the winds for want of pertinacity.

On a vast and stormy sea floats the ship of life, whose helm is courage, and whose pilot is intellect. The angry waves dash high on every side, and treacherous rocks lie hidden in the surging foam. Far through the dark, thick mists the light house stands whose golden rays beam forth the light of purpose. We may not see where the pernicious snares lie, but the golden light shows us the route, and courage guides us to our desired haven.

As this crew would be wrecked upon the treacherous rocks if they failed to look beyond the ship to the light for a guide, so in the voyage of life our ship

will be stranded if we only look to ourselves for a guide.

God has given us our lives for some purpose; do something with them we must, even idleness leaves its stain upon them; and, if we can look at life not as a curse but as a blessing to the world, we may comprehend the great object of life, and have ideal incentives ever guiding us on to perfect manhood.

Perseverance without system is a common error. It is as foolish as a carpenter without specifications and plans. He might work patiently and persistently through life, but with no plans he would only spoil his material, lose his time and erect an imperfect structure. So with character building without a purpose. No matter how persistently and patiently we labor and wait, we only spoil our material, destroy our hidden ideals, waste our talents and erect an inferior and useless character.

Then, though late in life we attempt to patch up our broken and wasted pieces, it will be a sorry apology to make amid so many possibilities.

[Another common error is trusting to the old maxim, "All things come to those who wait." Nothing is accomplished through idly waiting, but labor makes thoughts healthy, and thoughts make labor pleasant.

As long as industry ruled Rome she was a mighty city, but when her conquests brought her wealth, and multitudes of slaves placed her citizens above labor—that moment her glory began to fade, and vice and corruption induced by idleness doomed the proud city to an ignominious downfall.

As a nation fails when placed above labor, so the

individual. The men that can ascend to the highest mountains of honor, and fathom the depths of the deepest seas of despondency, without being placed above labor or becoming discouraged, are the men that are in demand everywhere.

The individuals who undervalue labor, and seek only to gain the respect of the world are the ones to whom the world will come at last to despise, while those who reverently respect their labor and care little of what the world thinks of them, are the ones whom the world will eventually honor. It is not labor that makes life burdensome or causes discouragements; it is the spirit in which we do it. The Christ who is the foundation of all true character spent the greater part of his life in manual labor—lifting the ban from it and giving it a significance and divinity with his magnificent life.

We must realize that each of us has a work to do, and we cannot expect success to come without effort. Success means work—not genius. God gives, but we must do the getting. He gives gold and silver and all metals, but we must dig for them. He gives rye, wheat and corn, but we must plow, sow and reap. Weeds will grow of themselves, but corn and potatoes must be planted, and the same law holds good in every realm of activity.

“There is no acquisition or growth until indifference and idleness are vanquished. Industry strengthens character and credit, secures the approval of conscience and the respect of others.” An industrious young man will, in a surprisingly short space of time, outstrip the man who may in the beginning be known as a genius. No man has achieved true success by a single deed, but true greatness is made up of

many achievements. Every advanced movement meets obstacles which must be overcome; and if it were not for these tasks being hard at first, then greatness would be impossible for any man. By meeting and overcoming difficulties we arouse energy and develop strength that never would have come into action had it not been for the struggle which took place in surmounting these oppositions.

The sun may rise today over the eastern horizon, clothing both hill and valley with all the grandeur and beauty of a new day. Before night a canopy of clouds covers the clear, blue sky, the rumbling of thunder echoes and re-echoes from earth to heaven, turning the beautiful picture to darkness. As these storms bring moisture to develop the plants and purify the air, so the storms of adversities prove our character, show us our weak points and make us stronger, purer and nobler men.

Look if you will with me at some of the incidents where oppositions have been surmounted. The colonial days were full of darkness and superstition, and even fearfully today do we scan those pages of history, when our forefathers fought and strove amid scenes of carnage. This brought the unbequeathed legacy sealed with blood of sons and tears of daughters, for which the stars and stripes have forever floated—this grand republic. ;

Look at the stone-wall men like Lincoln, Grant and Jackson, who when they had joined heart and hand for the union of this beloved republic, fought, and allowed neither bayonets, nor shells, nor torpedoes, nor mines, nor defeat itself to stay them in their progress. After four long years of persistent energy and dogged determination, the South joined

hands with the North for the development of this inseparable union. "These men were masters of perseverance, the stern stuff

*That wins each God-like act, and plucks success,
Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger."*

Look at Martin Luther, who came into this world the son of a poor wood-cutter, sang on the streets for a living, and was threatened with death by the Pope of Rome for writing and placing the ninety-nine thesis' of the true religion on the door of a Catholic church at Wittenburg. He rose victoriously over all this, and even after being cast into prison the great reformer translated the Bible into the German language. His magnificent life and work amid so many crises has, like an invisible army, come gloriously forth from behind opposition which seemed insurmountable.

Other greater examples of perseverance are the lives and works of the eight writers of the New Testament. They were all persecuted on almost every hand, but the obstacles and terrors that came in their way were so far from causing them to stop the work they had begun, that they only proved incentives to them to continue in it; until all, with perhaps one exception, died martyrs to their cause.

Such lives have gone to reap the crown of righteousness which was laid up for them.

Even the Christ was tempted in all points like as we, suffered and died at Calvary that we might rise above our environments and have eternal life.

Then let us make it our motto to sail heavenward,

whatever the cost, day and night. Let perseverance and inexorable will be our chart and compass upon the laboring seas whereon we sail. Sail heavenward, which is our course, through hurricane and tempest, through sleet and rain; though with leaky ship and with a crew in mutiny. Some day we shall catch a gleam of light betokening our nearness to the land of our long search.

The Value of Gold

FLORA CASSELL

What stress do people place upon the value of great things? Indeed, it seems as though it would be time lost to let the mind dwell upon those things of minor importance. If the pendulum of time could swing backward for two thousand years, we would see the rival states of Athens and Sparta striving for supremacy. Later, in Roman history, we would find the men of the greatest influence continually struggling to be ruler of the vast empire; power to them was of the highest value. But centuries have passed since then, and have brought with them many changes — mainly that from war to peace. Men now obtain their desires without resorting to the sword. One of the things which is of the greatest weight in the world's opinion is gold. Its bright glitter like a magnet attracts people of all stations of life to itself. Countless were the numbers drawn to California by the discovery of that metal there. Gold is in one of its most alluring forms when it has been coined. On sea and land we find great haste to serve this master. Men and women of all nations use their time and strength in the pursuit of some paying trade.

But let us leave the world of care for that of thought, and we find that they are rich in gold of a higher and more valuable type—that of life. This is of the greatest consequence because it involves the whole of the immortal being; but people do not

treasure it alike, so we find different grades of this gold. Let us, however, study carefully the highest type and its value.

Ambition may reasonably be called the foundation on which such a life rests; it awakens the people to the nobler things of life by revealing to their minds the meaning of the future, and the responsibility which rests upon themselves to make it truly a golden age.

People of all spheres must walk in one of three ways; the broad, attractive plain that leads to nowhere, the hill that requires only a little time, or the mountain which calls forth all that is noble and true in one's self; but their choice depends upon the height of their ambition. Those who are satisfied to use their abilities for their own benefit are but little more than cumberers of the ground; little have they known of the joys of true living, while those who have listened to ambition's calling to self surrender for the good of the world have felt the adventurous spirit rise within them as they perceived their ideal looming up from the summit of a steep and dangerous mountain. The person who selects such a road does not know the nature of his journey nor the foes he will meet on the way, so the successful one must make careful preparations.

Upon meditation he finds his greatest need to be that of knowledge, and he realizes this is to be one of the greatest preparations of life. There is revealed to him something of the depth of meaning of Shakespeare's words, "Become learned and virtuous and you will be great." No matter in what way one may endeavor to be a benefit to the world, he must first have a clear perception of his vocation, for whether

he aspires to be a Pericles or a Franklin, this is essential to his success. Rightly has knowledge been likened to a gem, because the best of it is found beneath the surface and it requires the sacrifice of time and labor to obtain it, to polish and show its worth; but think of what has been accomplished by its life. Upon turning the pages of history we find that the Greeks were divided into six classes, and by wealth alone could the lower ranks rise to the level of the highest. How fortunate, then, are the poor of the present century, for they may by knowledge break down this barrier of caste.

What can be more beneficial to a person than a course of study conscientiously pursued? Indeed, there is no sacrifice made in its behalf that is too great to be repaid by the benefits derived from it. Careful selection, however, must be made by the student, as to the materials best adapted to his abilities. Then, too, there is no one who may not gain knowledge from experience. This is, perhaps, the most valuable because of the price that is many times paid for it. The smallest of experiences teach us lessons that cannot be obtained from books, and as we must meet them daily we will find on reaching the summit that our best knowledge has been obtained from them.

The pilgrim of the mountain side must also be equipped with the weapon, Courage. This is necessary to success regardless of vocation or environment, without it the greatest amount of preparation would be of no avail. We know that our country would never have been the nation it is today if it had not had the courage to break away from the tyranny of the mother country; the moral force which led her

on to prosperity was the determination to do what was right. This is also true of human life. The man or the woman who has the courage to say "Yes" to the right and avoid the wrong has the quality of purity which will sooner or later insure them real and lasting achievements. Environment has much to do with regard to the quality of courage needful to the individual. It calls to those who live in luxury to use their **wealth** for the cultivation of their talents that they may lead useful lives instead of being mere pleasure seekers. But the poor need not despair, although misfortune may have strewn their path with thorns, they must remember that by the aid of courage they may be raised, as it were, from the Castle of Despair to the Delectable Mountains.

Then, we find a third and not uncommon class made up from those whose fondest hopes have been destroyed by some physical disability. Here we find the noblest kind of courage—that which leads them to face the difficulty cheerfully, and to transform it into a stepping stone to perhaps a still higher and nobler ideal.

There is yet one virtue, a great one, necessary for the solidity of the human gold—that of fidelity. So many people, however, do not realize this, but rush hastily onward, meditating so intently upon the nature of their destination as to forget instructions. In this way is the human car of life often thrown over the embankment, wrecked. To see what fidelity may accomplish, let us look for a few minutes at the life of Hannibal. In fancy we can see him and his followers slowly toiling up the Alpine mountains. Now they are blinded by the storms of rocks hurled upon them by the foe above. Although men are fall-

ing fast around him, the brave general remains faithful to the trust imposed upon him and presses onward, step by step, until at last he and his followers gain the summit.

The person who in life will never betray the smallest confidence placed in him, or never leave undone the minor details, need have no fear of the future. He would also do well to practice the maxim, "Never understand it." This, we find, is the secret of Garfield's success.

As the hero or heroine of such a life nears the summit, they find that the road is no longer so difficult, for every trial, every foe conquered, has strengthened them for those of greater importance. And as they stand there and look down upon the path by which they have ascended, they realize that what they once considered hardships were really blessings in disguise.

Such people are not common, ordinary human beings. It is that for which they stand—nobility and success—that makes them worthy of our attention. Whenever we gaze upon such a life we realize something of its great value to the world. From its exalted position it shines as a beacon, and sheds its rays of influence far and near. The human eye, however, has been blindfolded and cannot perceive these beams, for influence accomplishes its work silently, and is seen only in the effect upon the individual. Then, too, does not this life of full completion arouse within us a knowledge of our own weakness, and a desire for the higher virtues obtained from such living? Thus do we know that such a life is not lived in vain. It may sway the world for good by power used both consciously and unconsciously. The

latter is the result of thoughts, words and deeds stored away in the soul's memory, while in the former the will drafts the various departments of the sentient being into its service. Such being the case, where can we find a better example to follow than in the true life? For the hero or the heroine of such a life is looked to, naturally, for guidance by those who surround them, and the virtues of their character are reflected upon those of their satellites. This influence, however, may not stop with the present, but may continue on through centuries, recorded upon the pages of history. One of the greatest ways in which they bless mankind is to plant thoughts of cheer and hope in the hearts of the discouraged. How many there are who would fail to accomplish their desires if it were not for the effect of such influence.

One of the greatest lessons learned from the journey to success is Patience. People see how their hero has waited and endured, labored and conquered, and are willing that their lives should be the same. We know that thoughts may find expression in words. What power, then, must there be in the words of the experienced! We have no greater example of this than in the life of Washington and of Lafayette. These two names are inseparable in history because of the power the former possessed over the latter. For Lafayette loved to sit at the feet of Washington, who was many years his senior, and listen to accounts of that great man's life. For many years did the silent influence of those words direct the course of Lafayette. Where can we find a picture containing a more perfect lesson, a more beautiful lesson, than this? It teaches us that hu-

mility is the greatest characteristic of the truly great, and to confess lack of knowledge is to take one more step toward wisdom. Deeds may also be the unconscious result of meditation. They may be only the actions of kindness that will bring sunshine into lives darkened by care and sorrow, or they may be of a greater importance, being done when some person was at a crisis in life, and they may save that soul for an important part in the world's work. They may be deeds of a still higher rank, changing the current of the nation's history into a safer channel—all because of the sympathy in the heart for humanity. All who have been reached by these influences have been inspired with confidence in the hero. We know, however, that the world is full of critics, but with the faith of the rest to lean upon, the toiler for success need not fear these fault-finders. His judgment is relied upon with safety and human affairs can rest in no better hands than his. Thus he is recognized as the leader of the people, being the one most concerned for their welfare.

To see what people will many times do for the sake of their hero, let us look at the life of Napoleon. Beyond doubt, there has not been in all history a man with greater power over people than this general. Perhaps he realized this during the vigil of Waterloo, for the air was heavy with the presentiment of coming horrors, and he needed only to look about him to see men who would be willing to give up life for him at his bidding. But the leaders, in turn, have the opportunity of giving up all in their power for their followers. Such surrender is not made in vain, for the sacrifice of the past is always the influence of the present. How our hearts glow

with gratitude toward the leaders of the Revolutionary war? Many of them gave their minds, their strength and their lives for the nation's cause. Now the silent influences of liberty hover like a blessing around us.

What can we remember that is more beautiful than dangers braved in the face of foes and in spite of discouragements? Such we know was the life of Joan of Arc when, in her endeavor to save Orleans, she knew that death would be the result, yet she went bravely onward doing what she knew to be best for the people she loved. And they were awakened too late to the fact that they had indeed lost a treasure.

Thus we have seen the road to success, and from a glimpse into the past have seen what we, ourselves, might do. We must think of our own nation. Need the flag be her only representative of power? May we not, by being true to her, stand as another emblem? By our so doing, she will not decline as other nations have before her. And by using our talents for her sake, and for the sake of humanity, the silent influence which goes out from our lives will go beyond the boundary of the nation, and will tend to elevate all of the Universal Life. Then, let all who enjoy the blessing of liberty determine to so live that they may die with the peace of knowing that they have realized the highest of ambitions, and have lived lives of the Purest Gold.



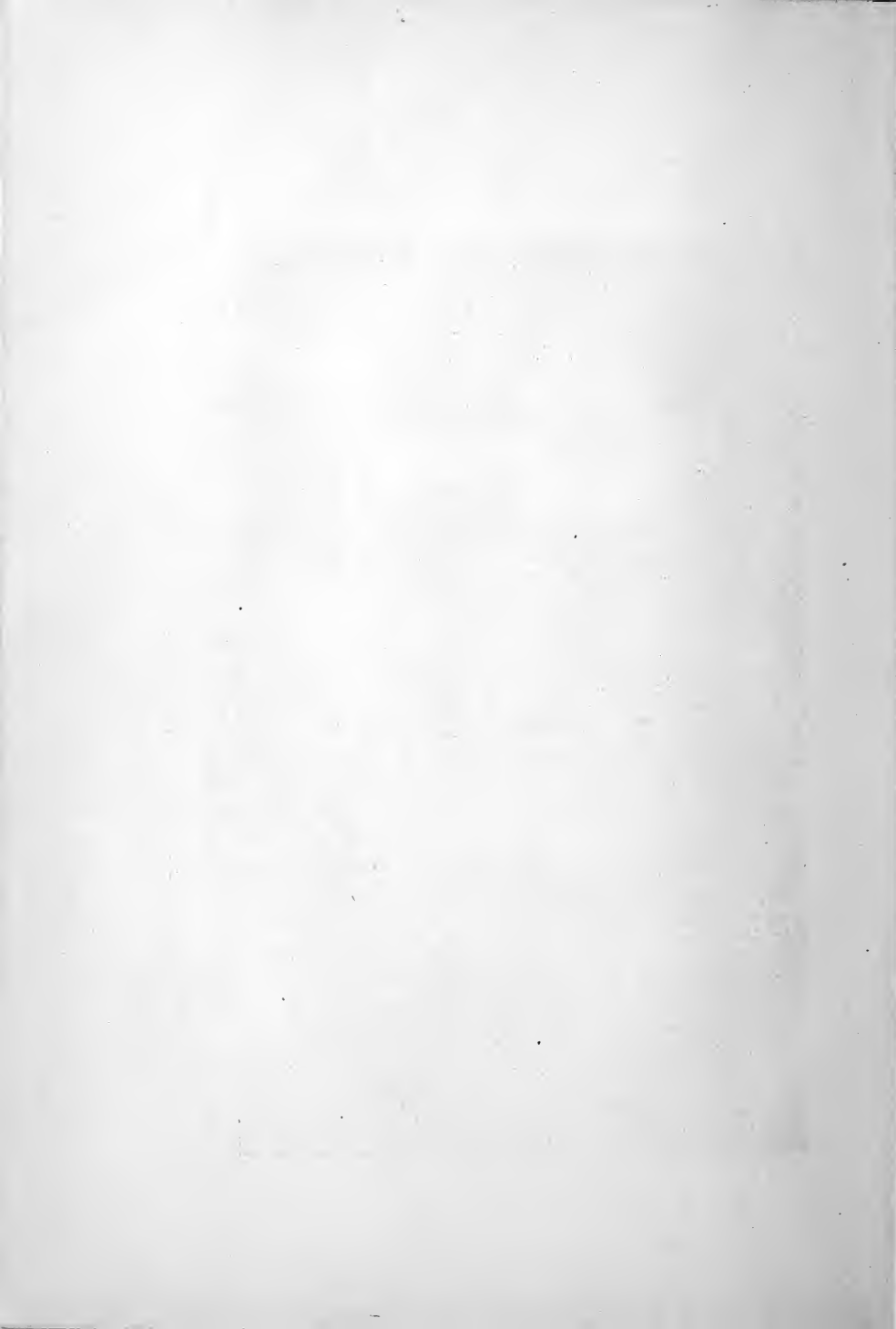
N. H. Taylor
Carrie Berry

Grace Hamlin
Mabel Wood

Ray Coleman
Mamie Couch

Ethyl Gillilan
C. C. McGuire

THIRD GRADUATING CLASS—MAY 1907



Education and Success

N. H. TAYLOR

The human mind is commutative. It grows and becomes stronger and reaches a higher standard of relative useful importance, by the exercise of its functions.

As the muscles of the human body grow, through use, by the addition of material cells, so the mind, an immaterial substance, grows through employment by the accumulation of immaterial cells.

When God created man He created him in his own image; a little lower than the angels, and higher than the beasts of the field. He gave him not only the power of independent thought and of comprehension, but also endowed him with that which distinguishes him from the inferior creatures—intellect—and He has given him absolute control of its development. He has entrusted to his care the culture and refinement of the mind, that one earthly faculty which is to live through eternity. It is a talent bestowed alike on rich and poor. It is in all men the same active principle; or in other words it is the man himself.

As a faculty given us by our Creator, it is our duty that we refine and develop it, and this is done by the acquiring of knowledge, which is gained only by our individual efforts.

No matter how many opportunities present themselves to a man, or how talented he may be, or how easy it may be for him to secure an education from

a financial standpoint, if he has not the self-will to put his individual efforts into his work he will never succeed.

It is not requisite, however, that a man should be blest with plenty of ready funds in order that he may secure an education. Some of the greatest men that ever lived did not have enough money to buy their bread, but they seized their opportunities and made the best of them.

Shakespeare, whose productions have been the delight and wonder of all who have read them, was of very humble parentage. It is said of Socrates that at one time in his life he was too poor to buy his own shoes, and yet he became one of the greatest philosophers the world has ever known. The history of this one man's success lies embodied in his own familiar maxim, "Know thyself."

Nowhere do we meet with more or better examples of brilliant intellects, and of men who have risen above poverty, than on the pages of the history of our country. Some of these men who have ascended to the highest office in the land did not have the opportunities that the American youth have today, but they seized those that came to them.

Perseverance is the key of success. If we expect to accomplish anything in this life we must persevere in that which we undertake to do. Those men who have been most successful in life are those who have had the true spirit of perseverance.

Let us compare the lives of two of our most talented men, one reared in a home of wealth and plenty, the other in a home where poverty ruled supreme.

The former is given all the advantages and pleas-

ures of home life, thus enabling him to secure an education with comparative ease. Rapidly he rises in his educational career until he graduates from college at a very early age. He studies law, becoming very successful. Being patriotic, we next find him an excellent officer in Washington's army, beloved by all for his courage and bravery. At the close of the war we find his name on the list of the leading politicians of his day. Step by step he advances until he stands next to the President of our mighty nation.

Let us look at the other. He labors under very adverse circumstances to secure an education. We see him as he studies, patiently and persistently, by the dim light of the candle, or more often by the flickering glare of the fire-place. His eager mind continually searching for more material whereby he may increase his knowledge, even by splitting rails that he may secure money to buy more books. Incessantly he toils, until he begins to rise in the hall of fame. He studies law, becoming one of the best lawyers in his state. He is nominated for Senator, discussing the political questions of the day with his opponent, Douglas. In this campaign he loses, but with a political foresight which has seldom been surpassed, he greatly embarrassed Douglas by the questions which he forced him to answer, and brought himself so prominently before the public that he easily won in the next presidential campaign.

Thus we find the two each honored by an entire nation. But let us look at their lives from this stage.

The one, blinded with passion and envy, challenges that mighty champion of the constitution, Alexander Hamilton, to a duel. Hamilton falls, mortally wounded, by the hand of Aaron Burr.

A fugitive from justice, Burr flees to the Southwest and there attempts to establish a rival republic. He fails in this, and finally goes down to his grave despised by his fellow men.

The other comes to the highest office in the land in a far more trying time, but with the keen foresight and patience so characteristic of his life, he safely guides our nation through the dark period of the civil war. And so long as the stars and stripes float over our land Abraham Lincoln's name will ever live in the hearts of every true American citizen.

Columbus, the great explorer, carried within himself that spirit of perseverance which enabled him to lead his men on, and to discover this mighty continent on which we live.

Elihu Britt, the learned blacksmith, while plying his trade acquired a knowledge of upwards of fifty of the leading languages of the world, was dependent upon himself, and no teacher but his untiring mind, which won him success and fame.

But we must not forget the fact that all this knowledge and success was not gained by these men on "flowery beds of ease," but by hard labor, labor that meant nights of incessant toil and weariness of the physical being. Such labor in securing an education demands and is rewarded by success.

Many a man has failed in securing an education simply because he did not aim high enough, thereby losing that pleasure in a successful life, which is the result only of education.

Education is not a matter of chance, but it is an orderly development of man's powers which stores his mind with knowledge.

All plants and animals grow according to the laws governing their lives. They grow under certain conditions, and if these conditions are not supplied, death results. Proper soil, heat, moisture and light the plant must have, or it withers and dies.

Human growth and culture symbolizes this plant life, yet the educational life of man far surpasses that of the mere plant as human intelligence rises above the life principle contained in the little grain. If a man does not develop all the faculties and improve the talents which God his Creator has given he has not done all that God intended for him to do, and like the plant, figuratively speaking, he dies.

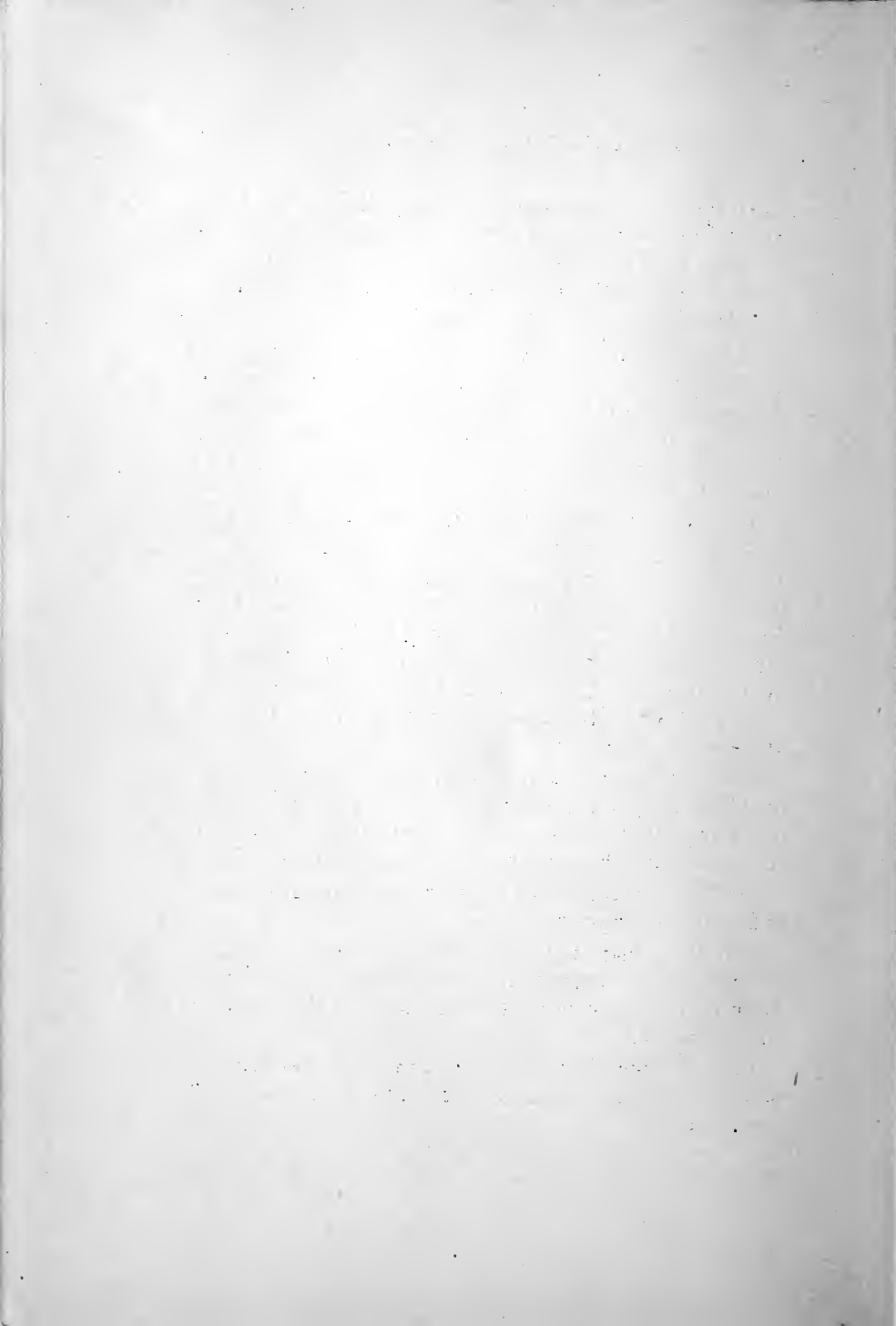
The question often arises "Will an education pay?" Whether we view it from a financial standpoint or from the love of the knowledge itself, the question can be answered in the affirmative. For whether a man makes his thousands or if he only makes a few dollars as a result of his education, he has not utterly failed.

While it is true that a man may achieve success in life with but a meager education, we know it to be more true that he may rise higher in the successful life, if he has the benefits of a college training.

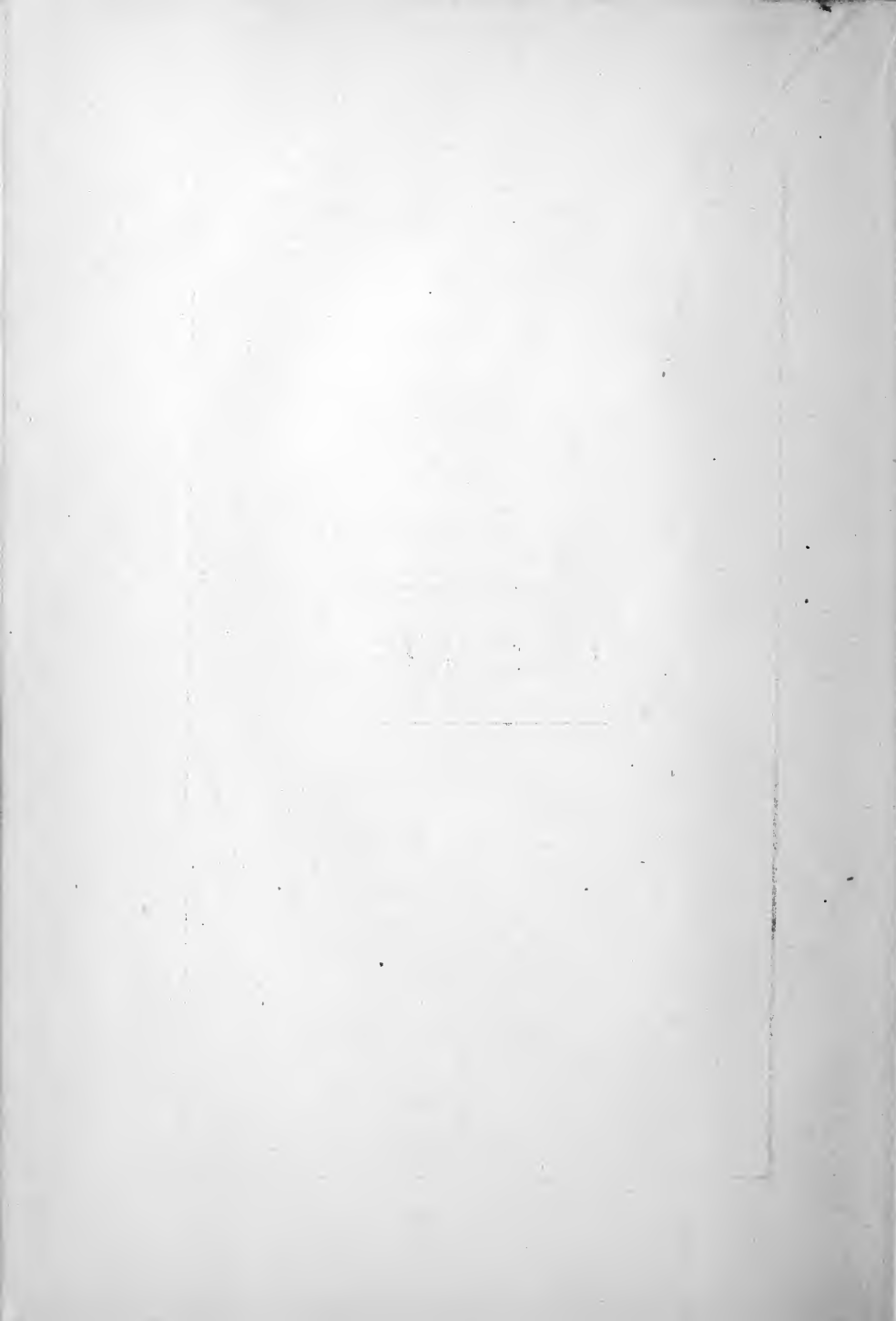
On the entrance gates to Cornell university is the following inscription:

"So live that daily thou mayest become more learned and thoughtful." "So depart that daily thou mayest become more useful to thy country and mankind."

Let us then improve our time and the talents which God has given us, and the goal "success" awaits us.



POEMS



A CURE FOR THE BLUES:

When you feel you want to boss,
Love your wife;
Though you do feel sore and cross,
Such is life;
When the days are dark with rain
And you have an ache or pain,
What's the use of raisin' Cain?
Love your wife.

When you're up to work you dread,
Dig in;
It's 'bout as easy done as said,
Jist begin;
Hit the iron while 'tis hot,
Use what mussel you have got,
Make the best out of your lot,
Dig in.

If at first you don't succeed,
Try agin;
If you're short on things you need,
'Taint no sin;
It brings the blues to set and whine,
Or loaf round on the kickin' line,
Bait your hook and keep a tryin',
Try agin.

When you feel you want to stop,
Keep a goin';
When you fail to raise a crop,
Keep a sowin';
When there comes a rainy day

And there's nothing seems to pay,
Matters not what people say;
Keep a goin'.

.. When yer neighbors falsify,
Better smile;
Needn't try to catch a lie,
'Taint worth while;
For it's swift upon the wing,
If you chase it, it will sting,
Let it be, the dirty thing,
Better smile.

If you'd be a millionaire,
Save yer dimes;
Don't growl an' fret an' rear
'Bout hard times;
To be poor is no disgrace,
Meet it, brother, face to face,
Richest men have won their place,
Saving dimes.

If a letter tempts to buy you,
Return it;
If you don't the courts will try you,
Burn it;
If you'd save your noble craft
When some company tries a graft
By sending you a handsome draft,
Return it.

When you have a job begun,
Keep at it;
Though the critic does make fun
An' combat it;

Let the kickers make their spiel,
With a heart on fire with zeal
And with nerves like tempered steel
Keep at it.

While yer young and in yer prime,
Be a man;
Let another beat yer time
If he can;
If she wants him for her beau,
Don' git the blues, jist let her go,
The sea is full of fish, you know,
Be a man.

If yer morsel is too sweet,
Spit it out;
Thousands die frum what they eat
With the gout;
The world has fixed for us a stew,
An' if you choke on what's for you,
You've bit off more than you ken chew,
Spit it out.

When the blues have come your way,
Go to work;
That will cure them in a day,
Lest you shirk;
When your grocery bill is due
An' your butcher threats to sue,
What's the use to set and brew,
Go to work.

You should take about a gross
Of this tonic;
But must double up the dose

If it's chronic;
So I pray do not refuse,..
Lest your health you should abuse,
It will cure you of your blues,
Take the tonic.

YANDER GRASS.

I had a cow some weeks ago,
I think it wuz in May,
That stood aroun' and bawled fur grass
An wouldn't eat her hay;
I turned her in a pasture field,
Where grass wuz high and sweet,
A thinkin' she would soon git fat
With grass like that to eat;
But sakes-a-live! you should have seen
That cow go 'cross that field,
Jist grabbin' here and there for grass,
As if there wuz no yield.
I see'd right then she'd ne'r git fat,
Look plump an' smooth an' neat,
She kept a walkin' all the time
An' never stopped to eat.

This world is full of "Yander grass,"
Why should I blame my cow,
Fur when I go to cut my grass
'To put it in the mow,
It's short an' thin an' full of weeds,
But jist beyond the rye
It looks to me to be so nice,
It's thick, and smooth, and high;
But laws-a-me, that 'aint the case,

Fur when I git it mowed
I find an acre of sich grass
Wont make a common load.
It too is short, and jist as thin
As what I had before,
An, that's the way the "Yander grass"
Has fooled me o'er an' o'er.

'Bout every day you hear some man
Complainin' ov his grass,
An' tellin' if he had a chance
Like men of rank and class
What he would do. "But pshaw," says he,
"I never ken succeed,
Fur all my grass is short and thin,
An' mixed with every weed;
While all my neighbors they ken mow
In clover to their knees,
Had I a field of grass like that
I'd make my mark with ease."
I 'low that half of all the earth
See "Yander grass" so tall,
But when they've mowed to where it is,
Will find it, too, is small.

I guess the grass grows jist as big
As it used to years ago,
When Lincoln was a splittin' rails
An' Garfield on the tow—
Fur nearly all our men of State
An' those of great renown
Have mowed in grass, so history says,
That scarce would hide the groun'.
Of course they had some clover fields
With rousin' crops fur pay,

But when their grass run short an' thin
They kept on makin' hay.
Now we don't make hay as they did,
With only hook and blade,
With big machines could fill our mows
By workin' at the trade.

Now do not think that all the grass
Grows thick and tall and fair,
Fur that that you air wadin' through
Will favorably compare.
That temptin', wavin', "Yander grass,"
That fascinates the eye.
Aint much fur fillin' in the mow
When once you git it dry.
So my advice to young folks is,
Go out and fill your mow
With any grass that you ken git
To harvest here and now.
An' do not look too much ahead
Ner let the harvest pass,
In that vain hope of gittin' rich
On that big "Yander grass."

THE OLD MILK-HOUSE.

Today I've been a thinkin' lots
About our old milk-house,
With its supply of bread an' cheese,
Of butter, ham an' souse;
A thinkin' of the good old days
An' of the games we played,
How we would run an' git so hot
An' have to seek the shade.

Been thinkin' of my brother, who
Wus younger still than I,
An' how I'd coax him up to ask
Our mother fur some pie;
An' how she'd try to put us off
With "dinner soon will come,"
But we'd jist keep a hankerin' round
Until she'd give us some.

It wusent always pie we got,
But something jist as good,
Though most the time before it came
We'd have to git some wood.
Sometimes 'twould be a piece of bread
About eight inches square,
She'd spread it then with butter thick
And give each boy his share.

I jist have been a thinkin' now
How quick the bread decreased;
No King with all his dainties spread
E'er had so good a feast.
You talk about your banquets, too,
Delicious though they be,
A piece of bread from that milk-house
Is good enough fur me.

At noon we'd ring the dinner bell;
The hired men soon were in
An' then there wus a job of work
We'd lazy like begin,
We had to draw the water, fur
The men that father hired
At noon were always lazy like
An' hungry, lank and tired.

We had two wooden buckets, an'
A rope run through a wheel,
An' when we'd both pull on the rope
The wheel above would squeal;
'Twas fastened to the milk-house roof,
That stuck out o'er the well,
An' when we'd git one bucket up
We'h have to rest a spell.

We poured the water in a trough
'Round butter, milk an' cream,
It passed out through another trough
A purpose for the team.
Now while we wus a restin' up,
That's when we got our pay;
We'd lift the cream jar lid, you know,
An' have all things our way.

That cream wus thick, an' cold, an' sweet,
To fingers felt so sof';
It took a lot o' lickin' cream,
To git it all licked off.
One day when we wus lickin' cream,
Our mother came for meat,
An' when she went to lickin', too,
It wusent half so sweet.

Well, I ain't half through a tellin' yit
About our old milk-house,
When barefoot with a hat of rye,
With home-made pants and blouse.
At evenin' mother'd go fur ham,
To fry fur breakfast meat,
Two boys, a dog an' Maltese cat,
Were always at her feet.

Now you know jist as well before
I tell you, what they got;
At first 'twus but a little piece,
At last she'd give a lot.
You never heard sich coaxin' yit
In all your days, fur ham,
As come frum boys, an' dog, an' cat,
These sons of Uncle Sam.

So it wou'd take a heap to buy
The mem'ry of them days,
An' I have always argued though
Expensive, yet it pays
To have a milk-house fur your boys;
Don't rob them of the cream,
Let 'em lick it frum their fingers, too,
'Taint pizen, why should it seem?

I tell you cream is skeerce now days,
Fur growin' boys to git;
They're on the street a beggin' drinks
Ur smokin' a cigarett.
You see, since they haint got no cream,
They take these substitutes,
They hang aroun' the grocery store
An' swipe the choicest fruits.

Their parents don't know where they ar',
Nur do they seem to keer,
I tell you what, when we wus boys
We's always somewhers near;
Our old milk-house was never locked,
Nur wus it short on cream;
Oh! when I think of boyhood days,
It's like a happy dream.

I know that some have gone to jail
 To answer fur a crime
Because they had no cream to lick
 When they wus in their prime.
This old world needs a great reform
 To save its growin' boys;
I advocate the old milk-house
 Like ours in Illinois.

THE OLD LOG SHED.

If you've ever been a hoin'
 In the weeds among yer corn;
Been a waitin' an' a listenin'
 Fur to hear the dinner horn.
If you've been a feelin' hungry,
 An' you scarce could lift yer hoe,
Made the end look twice the distance
 On a weedy dinner row;
Made you think 'twas angel music
 When the horn the hour had said,
An' you took the straightest pathway
 Leading to the old log shed.

It perhaps wus lookin' rainy,
 As it oft before had been,
It wus in a rainy season,
 An you took your old hoe in.
So, a crossin' through the medder,
 Keepin' in the little track
Comin' on down through the orchard,
 Passin' by the old straw stack,
Turnin' frum the gate that's further,
 Climbin' through the fence instead,

Soon you have your old hoe hangin',
Sheltered by the old log shed.

Then you go to eat your dinner
What is waitin' ready set,
'Tis a rainin' makes you hurry,
Fur you must not now git wet.
With the family 'round the table
All enjoy the modest meal,
Home is home, though e'er so humble,
When its peace an' joy are real.
When the dinner all is over,
With a big coat o'er your head
You go out to do the feedin'
Down around the old log shed.

There the old door is a hangin'
Fur one leather hinge is broke,
'There the old cow is a standin'
With her home-made wooden yoke;
An' the mule is in the stable,
With a rope tied 'round his throat,
In a pen there in the corner
Is the special fattenin' shoat;
An' the sheep all come a bleatin',
Wantin' always to be fed
Every time they see you goin'
Down around the old log shed.

Hear the chickens all a cacklin'
An' the gobblers goblin', too,
Hear the twitter of the sparrows,
An' the pigeons as they coo;
O, what joy to see 'em eatin'
Ov the corn upon the ground,

Fur they seem so glad to see you,
Every time you come around.
Geese and ginnies come a screechin'
Like you knew jist what they said,
Every time they see you feedin'
Down around the old log shed.

Now the feedin' all is over,
Rain's a soakin' up the ground,
An' you can't go back to hoe agin,
Fur it's rainin' all around;
Makes you feel so tired and sleepy,
Makes you want some place to lay,
So you climb the barn-loft ladder,
And pile down upon the hay.
O, there haint no spring ner mattress
That kin make so good a bed,
As the one you have when sleepin'
On the hay down in the shed.

Hear the gentle rollin' thunders,
An' the rain upon the roof,
Hear the crackin' corn below you,
An' the stampin' of the hoof,
An' the low and sof'-like cooin'
Ov the pigeons in the nest,
Makes you feel so good and easy,
While a layin' there to rest.
Makes you soon fall off to sleepin'
Jist so sound like you was dead,
Fur there aint no place for sleepin'
That kin beat the old log shed.

An' when once you git to dreamin'
Thinkin' that you air a king,
That you have a fine big mansion,

That you never want a thing;
An' you see the people comin'
All around yer golden throne;
Some are happy, some are angry,
Some are burdened with a groan;
Others standin' there a wishin'
They will hear their pardon read,
Plum fergittin' you're jist sleepin'
On the hay down in the shed.

Then you think you hear the angels
Singin' round the throne above,
Singin' of the Blessed Savior,
Tellin' of his dyin' love;
An' you think you are a walkin'
Up and down that gold-paved street,
When you see and kiss your mother,
That so long you've hoped to meet.
An' you feel the angels puttin'
That bright crown upon your head,
When you wake an' find you're layin'
'Neath the rafters ov the shed.

You may offer me yer mansion
On a high-toned avenue,
You may offer me the riches
Hoarded up by jist a few;
You may promise me the pleasure
Ov the kings of all the earth,
Promise joy instead of sorrow,
Promise everything ov worth;
Tell me all about yer offers
Make it big, but when 'tis said,
You will still find me a loungin'
Down about the old log shed.

STUMPS IN THE HAY SHOCK.

Dick Jones had a farm on the bank of the creek,
For clover no soil could be better;
I wanted to purchase this rich bottom farm,
And wrote Mr. Jones a long letter.

I often had heard of this rich bottom farm,
My neighbors had told all about it;
It beat all the hay crops I ever had heard,
I scarcely no longer could doubt it.

And soon I received a good letter from Jones,
Inviting me down to inspect it;
He said if the farm and the price didn't suit,
The option was mine to reject it.

He told me just when he would cut the next crop,
And wished I could see it while making;
He said he just cut it and sunned it awhile,
Then put it in shock without raking.

Ere long the day came he had asked me to come,
And soon I was ready and going;
I wanted to see it before it was cut,
And follow the man at the mowing.

But law, when I came it was all in the shock,
They scarcely found room there to hold it;
A field of such shocks as I never had seen,
I found it was true as they told it.

I met Mr. Jones, a shrewd looking man,
His story he sadly was telling;
Ill health was the cause of his leaving the farm
Which he was reluctantly selling.

His terms and the price were so easy and fair,
To jew him I never once thought it;
I'd heard of this farm, now had seen it myself,
And quick as a wink I had bought it.

I paid him the cash on the spot for the farm,
Receiving at once the possession;
I got the whole farm with the hay in the shock;
For this was the only concession.

We signed all the papers and put them on file
I wanted the records to back it;
I got some good help then to care for my hay,
I'd nothing to do but to stack it.

With a rope and a horse for to drag in the shocks,
We soon were all ready for stacking;
We tried a big shock and we broke a new rope,
And found there was something yet lacking.

What wonderful hay, 'bout a ton to the shock,
How much will it make to the acre?
I guess Jones could tell, as he had it to sell,
For he was a genuine faker.

For under each shock was a whollipin' stump,
As big as the wheel of a wagon;
As high as your head, as hard as a bone,
No wonder we failed at the draggin'.

To say I was beat would be putting it mild,
How great and how sad the surprise;;
So friend, let me tell you, twas painful but good,
For how it did open my eyes.

So I am proclaiming, wherever I go,
If the shock is too big, do not buy it;
The only safe method in business today,
Is to ask him to wait while you try it.

Young man and young woman of marrying age,
With fields of Sweet Clover about,
Don't jump at conclusions, you'd better go slow,
There's stumps in the hay shock, watch out.

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THE KICKER?

Oh what would be best to give us a rest
From him that we know as a kicker?
Of whom we are sick, but still he will kick
Until we have grown the sicker.
We now have no fear when smallpox is near,
Or if we should have the bronchitis;
We too have a cure both speedy and sure
To save if a mad dog should bite us.
If toothache should keep a man from his sleep,
He always has something to ease it,
When heat is intense, with but little expense
Som ice can be had, for we freeze it.
Your head may be bare from the falling of hair,
A tonic will make it come thicker,
We conquer the chills and all of our ills,
But what can we do with the kicker?

Oh what can we give, or where can we live,
That we may get rid of the kicker;
We liken his lot along with the sot
Who always is bloated with liquor.
We sieze men of crime and bring them to time,

That law may be strictly regarded;
No laws do appear the kicker need fear,
So he never has been retarded.
Train robbers so bold state prisons now hold,
Long sentences they are all serving;
The bandits at large the law takes in charge,
And deals with as they are deserving.
Detectives we meet on the thick crowded street,
To capture the sly pocket picker,
But who ever saw the man or the law
That had full control of the kicker?

The thought comes to me, how nice it would be
If we were but rid of the kicker;
For nothing goes right from morning till night
With him, the old grumbling sticker!
Regardless the kind in business you'll find
This man, he the wise all around;
The way that he kicks about state politics
You'd think the old ship soon would founder.
In social affairs he puts on his airs,
He works at his trade, then, of course;
Conspicuous his part in breaking of hearts,
The father is he of divorce.
He must have his say in affairs every day,
He spoils all your very best dickers;
He kicks all the while, not once does he smile,
For smiles are unknown to kickers.

Sometimes I have said, "I guess he is dead,"
This possum-like, genuine kicker;
He sprung to his feet his kicks to repeat,
Then sent them in faster and thicker.
I thought he would quit to roast him a bit,
But found I was badly mistaken,

I then tried to shame his honor and name,
But found he had none to awaken.
He kicks against gold and the way it's controlled,
He kicks against organized labor;
He gives Uncle Sam a horrible slam
And kicks at his friend and his neighbor.
He's hard to endure, so if you have a cure,
Pray give it, the sooner the quicker;
I'll saddle the broncs and bridle the donks
If you will but halter the kicker.

THE FIRST NEW BOOTS.

Happy is the little man,
Five years old;
Down the lane this youngster ran
Through the cold,
With a fur cap on his head,
Dragging after him his sled
Painted up so nice and red,
Trimmed in gold.

See him coasting down the hill
In the road,
Climbing back again at will
With his load;
Down the hill again he shoots
Kicking at the stumps and roots
With his first new pair of boots,
Copper toed.

Makes me think of former years
When I played,
With a scarf about my ears,

Mother made;
Played with new boots and with sled,
Played hide and seek about the shed;
Oh, that years of youth which fled
Might have stayed.

IN THE WOODS.

How sweet the breeze beneath the trees
When Summer days are fair,
When sunbeams play and branches sway,
When balmy is the air.

I love to see the honey bee,
For hours to watch him eat;
A busy thing of tireless wing
When storing up his sweet.

To see and hear the hunted deer
Go tripping through the brush,
And hear above the cooing dove,
The warbling of the thrush.

Oh, happy hours among the flowers,
Their mystic creed—who knows
Why lilies grow as white as snow,
And why so red the rose?

The rills and crooks of woodland brooks
Still murmur soft and low,
A store of gold the woods unfold,
Their treasured gifts bestow.

The plain, the hill, the rippling rill,
The daisy at my feet
The hawthorn bud as red as blood,
With perfume rare and sweet.

These joys extol the inmost soul
While lying on the sod,
Whoso' has been to nature kin
Must need be near to God.

For lark, and wren, and woodland glen,
The spreading ivy vine
Sing but one song the whole day long:
Our Maker is Divine.

MR. SCHMITT ON "TANGLEFOOT."

Now Peckey vas my vife, you know,
Von day she pake some pies,
An' den she say: "Now, Pether dear,
Do somethin' mit dese flies."
Our schreens we aint got some, you know,
An' vot 'skeeter bar ve hat,
Ve coover mit de papy up—
He vas von pright, schveet lat.

Dem flies—vell now, vot vill I do?
My Peckey vas so goot,
An' den I tought of vot I heert
Pout dot dar tangle foot.
I vent down mit von grocer man
An' dell him pout dem flies;
He gifes me some dot dangle feet,
So ve ken pake dem pies.

All rount I spread dem sticky scheets
An' Pecky laff an' say:
"Vy, Pether! vot you do mit dot!
Vill it skeer dem flies away?"
I say, "Vell, mapy I guess it vill,"
'Pout den von ob dem flies
Vas vaded in dot dangle foot,
Clear up mit both his eyes.

Den Peckey vas mit laff an' say:
"O, see his dangled feet!"
Already vas a dozen coome,
To share mit him de schveet.
Sich pullin' mit de legs dey did,
I nefer yet did see,
A flappin' mit dere diny wings
An' puzzin' like de pee.

Now Peckey she vas more mit laff
An' holdin mit her site,
An' dar I stood a tinkin' pout
How gwick dem flies vos dite;
All dime more yet vas comin' dar
'A hankern fur dot schveet,
Dey climp der neighbors ofer den,
An' pe mit dangled feet.

An' den ven efen dime vos come,
Ve eat dem apple pies;
Ve caught apout a pushel full
Ov dangled footed flies.
Dot night ven I vas schlepin' sound,
Mit treams so very cleer,
I zee dem flies a kickin' still,
Der puzzin' I could heer.

An' den I tought, oh voolish flies
Vy don't dey zee der vate
Und geep away dot danglee foot,
Pefore dey gits too late?
Dey mus' pe pline, or dey can see
Der neiphors vot pe deat,
But still dey keep a coomin' fast,
Till dey vas in dot spreath.

I heart von angel py my pet
Say "Pether Schmitt!" An' den
He sait: "Dem flies vot you pin see,
Vos imiges ov men."
De defil puts his dangle foot,
Sphreath ofer mit his schveet
All around ver men vas pe
To dangle up der veet.

An' den I see von dang'e foot,
So pig I nefer see;
Dere vas so many beoples caught
As fast as fast could pe.
I see der defil porin' on
His temptin' sticken schveet,
I see some children at der blay
Git in it mit der feet.

I heert de breecher vornin frum
De bulpit an' he sait
Dot all vos in der dangle foot
De defil vas got spreath.
I feel my feet a stickin' den,
An' kick mit all my might,
An' Peckey she say: "Pether, dear,
Vot makes you kick tonight?"

It vaked me up so afful skeert,
 A tinkin' I would die,
An' since dot night I try to pe
 Some viser dan de fly.
So it would pe a plessid ting
 If efery von could see
A sermont in dot dangle foot,
 An' git skeered up like me.

Dey'd put away der vicked yays
 An bray der Lord for grace,
An' keep away from danglefoot
 In efery vicked place.
Vor de piggest, deepest sermont yet
 Vot Pether efer heert
Vos ven he dreemt ov dangle foot
 An' vaked up vonce so skeert.

THE OLD WOOD PILE.

Now I'm goin' to talk a little
 'Bout our old wood pile;
'Course this subject's rather common,
 But I think it worth our while.
When I lift the leaves of mem'ry
 Jist to take a brief review,
They become so interestin'
 That I have to read 'em through.
Fur I find through all the readin'
 Things that I remember well,
Things that you would laff at hearin',
 Things that I will try to tell.
First I read of chips and basket,
 Pickin' chips to fill the shed,

Next it tells who all wus workin',
Tells what each one dun and said.
There wus brother John and Willie,
Ben, the hired man, wus there too;
Father he wus always present
When the sawin wus to do.
Oh, I like to think of boyhood,
Free frum every gilt and gile,
I've a heap o' things to tell you
Bout our old wood pile.

I've a heap o' things to tell you
'Bout our old wood pile,
How it pays to grind yer axes
An' yer saws to set and file.
Fur the man that starts to choppin'
With an ax jist like a hoe
When his saw an' ax need sharpnin',
He will make but little show.
I'm acquainted with this business
An' ken give some good advice,
Fur I've chopped in wood so knotty
That it warmed me plenty twice.
You ken save a heap of labor
With a wooden maul or sledge,
Make a jack an' stop the pinchin'
Jist by puttin' in a wedge.
Then when once you git to choppin',
How the bark and chips will fly,
An' you often have to dodge 'em
Ur they'd hit you in the eye.
Oh, to rick the ranks still closer,
Leavin' jist a little aisle,
When you're choppin' wood fur summer
On the old wood pile.

When you're choppin' wood fur summer
 On the old wood pile,
You ken hear yer saw a hummin'
 All around about a mile.
On a clear and frosty mornin'
 How I love to be there then,
You ken hear the distant poundin'
 Ov the prairie cock an' hen;
You ken see the smoke frum chimnies
 Over all the neighborhood,
There's no uther time ur season
 Quite so good fur makin' wood.
When the spring days git to comin'
 An' you're sharpenin' posts to drive,
When the sweet sap of the hick'ry
 Tempts the bee to leave his hive;
Makes you lay aside your mittens
 An' yer heavy coat and blouse,
You ken smell the dinner cookin',
 Fur you're workin' near the house.
If you've got that tired feelin'
 When the sun begins to bile,
You have caught the real spring fever
 On the old wood pile.

Yes, you've caught the real spring fever
 On the old wood pile,
'Tisent likely it will kill you
 But it's come to stay awhile.
It's a mighty bad contagion,
 Fur it brings nobody good,
You ken easy tell its victim
 When you see him choppin' wood.
I some wood one night wus gittin'
 As my sister an' her beau

Frum our woodpile drove to preachin'
An' I stood an' watched 'em go;
Then I thought, it will be harmless
If I watch these folks return,
I will hide behind the bushes,
Jist to see what I ken learn.
I wus thinkin' sum ov courtin'
But I feared to make the break,
So I thought I'd take a lesson
Then I need make no mistake.
'Fore I hid I saw 'em comin'
So I jumped behind the stile,
An' I heard him kiss my sister
On our old wood pile.

Yes, I heer'd him kiss my sister
On our old wood pile,
But I had no chance fur laughin'—
Didn't even dare to smile.
Fur I wouldn't had them see me
Fur an eighty acre farm,
It would interrupt their sparkin'
An' they might have dealt me harm.
They wus talkin' in a whisper
'Bout their love affairs o' late,
Till it set my heart agoin'
At a most tremendous rate.
Now I didn't do this fur a trick,
But I did it fur the the trade,
An' it gave me heap o' courage,
So my plans were quickly made;
Fur our neighbor had a fair young girl—
His oldest daughter Ellen,
An' I axed to take her home next night
Frum the school house at the spellin'.

She had come there with her father,
Our neighbor, Mr. Lyle;
But I got to kiss his daughter
On their old wood pile.

A BAD CASE.

There's somethin awful ailin' me,
I'd like to know what it kin be;
I aint felt right for 'bout ten days,
I'm out o' sorts a dozen ways;
Fur food ner nothin' don't tast right.
My rest and sleep's broke up at night;
My head's been akin' some o' late,
I'm jist too sore to navigate.

It aint consumption, ur I'd spit—
'Taint dropsy—I aint swelled a bit;
If 'pendicitus I'd be dead,
It aint my stumic ur my head;
It aint my blood ur nervus part,
It aint my liver ner my heart;
Taint fever ner the rhuematiz,
Then who on earth knows what it is.

I git this same peculure thing
When buds ar' openin' up for spring;
When days git warm and roses bloom,
An' fill the air with rich perfume;
When leaves brake out an' fields git green,
I al'ers feel ornery, sore an' mean;
It jist goes clear into my bones
An' gnaws and grinds like two mill stones.

The doctor he can't diagnose
Nur help me with his bitter dose;

Peruna don't do me no good,
I can't take quinine, never could;
I've tried ozone and every quack
I found in my old almanac;
But jist git worse as days git hot,
Not knowin' what on earth I've got.

I've found the cure for this disease
Is in the woods, among the trees;
All day lay in the swimmin' hole
An' bathe yer body an' yer soul;
An' stay right there a week or two
Without a single thing to do
But fish an' hunt in deep, cool shade,
Furgittin' office, shop an' trade.

Lay on the grass an' sleep an' dream,
Ur go a boatin' on the stream;
Furgit yer troubles an' yer cares,
Furgit all things but God an' prayers;
An' git no mail ner telegram,
But set down on the old mill dam
An' read God's book o' nature through,
Fur it cured me and will cure you.

THE BETHLEHEM CHILD.

A monarch seated on the throne,
Whose empire was the world as known;
Proud of position, wealth and power,
The boasted magnate of the hour.

No stringent rule by him relaxed,
But all the world instead were taxed;
And this required that all appear
In person, on that day and year.

This edict brought the royal town
Of Bethlehem, those of renown;
Among them was an humble pair,
Unnoticed in the thoroughfare.

They with the many wait their turn
To come before the scribe so stern,
And when they had at last enrolled,
The day was past, the night was cold.

Near by there was a rustic inn
Where they, perhaps, before had been.
And there for lodging they applied,
But found the rooms all occupied.

There in the porch, or rather shed,
And in the attic overhead,
In every fashion on the floor
Were beds as seen in days of yore.

"We have no room." the keeper said,
"There is not left a single bed."
He turned away, but did recall
The stable had one empty stall.

"We have a place the beast to tie,
Which you may also occupy—"
With nothing better then in sight
They chose herein to spend the night.

'Twas here beneath the ancient roof,
Endangered by the horn and hoof;
'Twas here a manger to adorn,
The Son of Righteousness was born.

And thus, because there was no room,
The "Rose of Sharon" here did bloom;
They wrapped Him in a swaddling shawl,
This King from Heaven in the stall.

The darkness soon again gave way
To sunbeams of approaching day;
But ere the sun that morning smiled
Into the manger on the child,

Before it sparkled in the dew,
Before a single person knew
That the Messiah, whom they feared,
So long expected, had appeared,

Befor 'twas known throughout the inn,
That one was born to save from sin,
All Heaven stooped, with hearts of glee,
That they the new-born child might see.

The angels, filled with great delight,
Left heaven's portals on the flight
To reach the earth, the news to bring,
The new-born Babe was Lord and King.

At first one angel came alone,
Perhaps 'twas first to leave the throne;
Before the others yet were near,
This angel calmed the shepherds' fear

And told them in a single word,
What had so near to them occurred;
And scarcely was the story told
The wakeful keepers of the fold,

Until there came a mighty throng
Of angels that took up the song.
And thus, with heavenly harps well strung,
Glad Christmas tidings first were sung.

They sang of Him, the Bethlehem child
By whom to God we're reconciled;
They sang an anthem full of peace,
The joy of which will never cease.

IN THE OZARK HILLS.

In the Ozark Hills in summer,
 'Neath the walnut near the spring,
Quenching thirst with crystal water,
 Hear the woodland chorus sing.

Hear the red bird from the white oak,
 And the quail from under brush;
Hear the peewee, wren and robin,
 Hear the blue jay and the thrush.

Hear the tinkling of the cow bell,
 As they graze from hill to hill;
Hear the rippling of the waters
 As they dance from rill to rill.

Hear the oft repeated thugging
 Of the woodman's distant ax;
Hear the rattle of the sickle
 In the ripened field of flax.

Hear the chuckle of the wagon,
 'Tis the teamster hauling logs;
Hear the hunter fire his rifle,
 Hear the barking of his dogs.

Heart o' mine, we're on vacation,
'Mid the pawpaw and the vine;
May these scenes of mother nature
'Bout thy secret chambers twine.

For when life becomes monotonous
By the every day routine,
I will ask you from your gallery
For this soul inspiring scene.

Make a playmate, then, of nature,
Woo her as you would a bride,
For her love and inmost secret
Will assist when sorely tried.

In the Ozark hills in summer,
Hear the woodland chorus sing,
All their songs are soul-inspiring,
Oh, what peace of mind they bring.

WISHING AND POSSESSING.

We seldom have a wish come true,
But still we keep on wishing,
Like he who gets one bite or two,
Continues hours at fishing.
But wishing is not idle play,
If we do not abuse it,
'Twill help us reach our goal some day,
If we but rightly use it.

I wish, though prompted not by greed,
My purse were ten fold fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need
And not my pride to flatter.

I'd give the hungry one square meal,
The best that gold could make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
If I with gold could break it.

I wish that sympathy and love,
And every human passion,
Might have its origin above,
And change our sinful fashion;
Then peace of mind we all could keep,
For every base emotion
We'd cast forever in the deep
Beneath the waves of ocean.

I wish that friends were always true
And free from all deception;
I wish the rules for good we knew
Were free from all exception;
I wish that parsons ne'er forgot
To heed their pious teaching;
I wish that practicing was not
More difficult than preaching.

I wish that modest worth might be
Appraised with truth and candor;
I wish the innocent were free
From false reports and slander;
I wish men would their business mind
And meddle not with others,
I wish we loved all human kind,
As if they were our brothers.

I wish in fine that joy and mirth
Were like a holy leaven,
They'd spread ere while throughout the earth,

And make it most like heaven;
Then God would every creature bless
With His supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing in possessing.

THE WATER LILY.

O gem on the breast of the river,
O marvel of beauty and grace,
Did you fall straight out of heaven?
Are you from the Holy Place?
As white as the wings of an angel,
You've nothing in common with earth,
Did you grow in the Golden City?
Pray tell of your glorious birth.

Nay, nay, I came not from Heaven,
This robe of immaculate white
Silently grew from the blackness
Down here in the dead of night;
From the ooze of the quiet river
I slowly lifted my head,
Grew white as God would have me,
Neither stained nor tinted with red.

The soul should be white like the lily,
No sin should its beauty destroy;
It then would be fitted for heaven,
The company of angels enjoy;
But since every soul has been darkened,
Perhaps it is Jesus intent
To teach us our need of His cleansing
By the many white lilies He sent.

So we learn from the water lily,
 A lesson so simple and true,
That the "white life" falls not from heaven
 But grows from the birth anew,
Into His image and likeness
 It grows to adorn a dark place,
So then, to be white like the lily,
 We need but His favor and grace.





JAN 6 1908

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 174 3